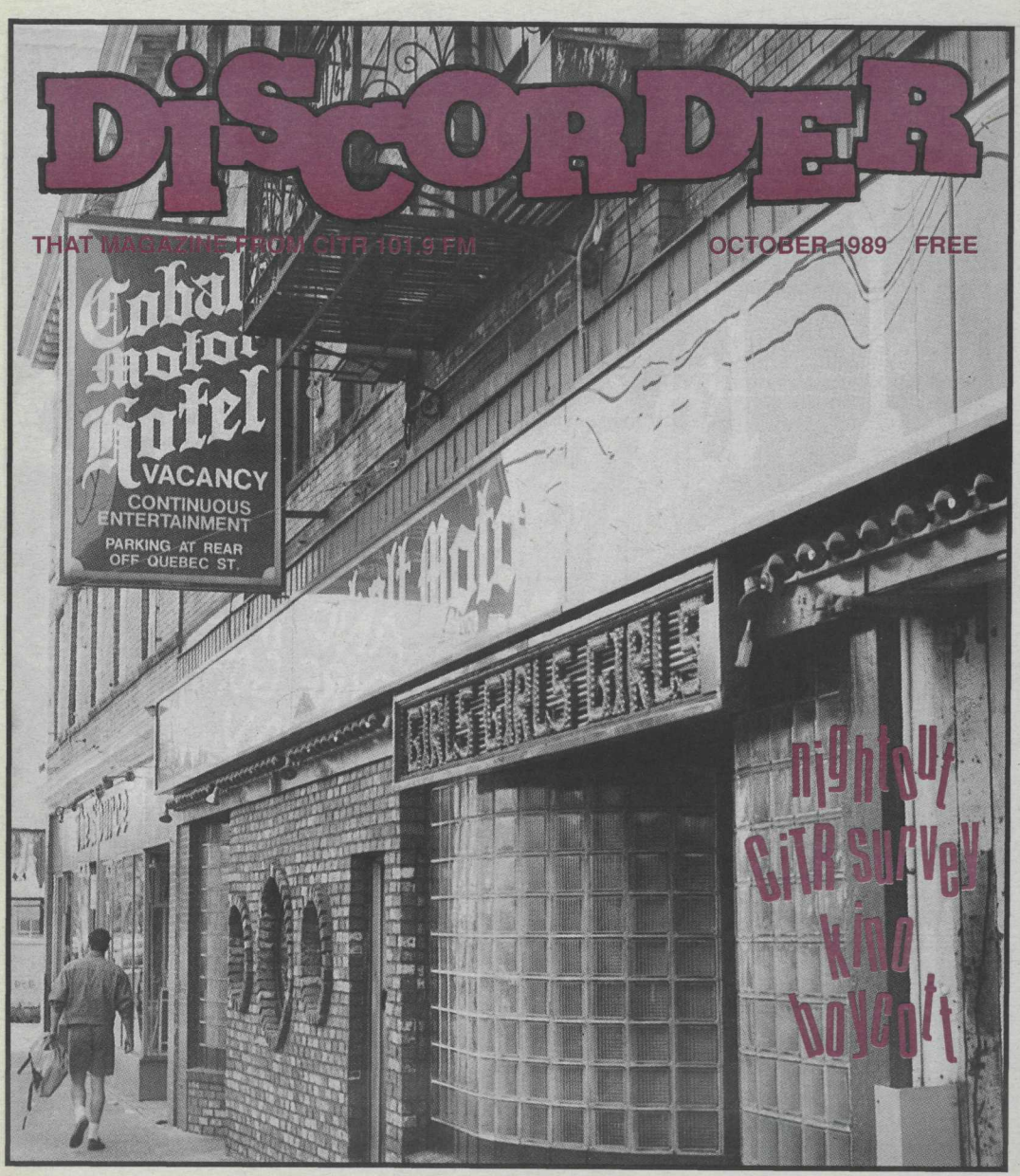
DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9 FM OCTOBER 1989 FREE



OUT WITH THE OLD
IN WITH THE NEW

THEY'RE BACK WITH A VENGANCE AND LOOKING FOR THRILLS

RETURN OF THE BLACK PAGES

AND THIS TIME, THEY'RE GONNA MAKE YOU PAY.

FILMED IN PSYCHO-VISION

the black pages

ALL NEW ISSUE.... ON SALE

FRIDAY, Oct 13th

DISCORDER

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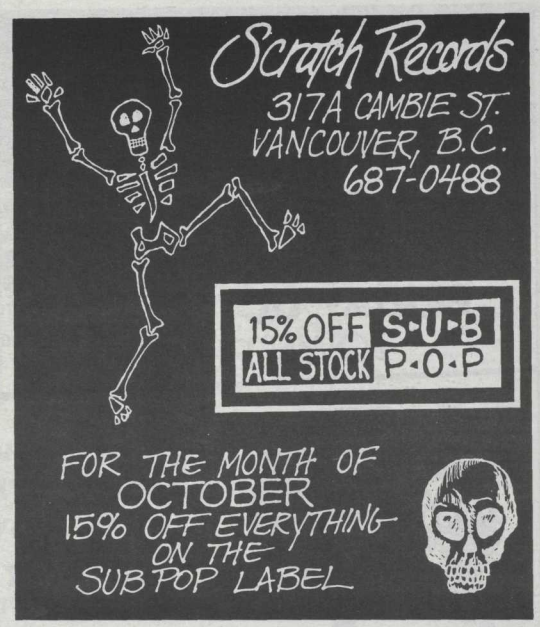
Discorder is That Magazine from CiTR 101.9 fM and is published monthly by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. Discorder prints what it wants, including the CiTR On the Dial program guide and the CiTR Spinlist record chart. Circulation is17,500 copies distributed free to over 200 spots. Twelve-month subscriptions are $15 in Canada, $15 (US) to the US, and $24 elsewhere. Please make cheques or money orders payable to Discorder Magazine. "Of all the literary scenes / Saddest this sight to me:/ The graves of little magazines / Who died to make verse free." *-Preston.* Discorder wants your stuff: send in stories, drawings, comics, photos or what have you. If we like 'em, we'll use 'em. If we don't, we'll lose 'em.

CiTR 101.9 fM is 1800 watts of stereophonic bliss on cable fM from UBC to Langley, Squamish to Point Roberts, USA, but not on Shaw Cable in White Rock (bug them about it-write letters). CiTR is now available on most clock radios and in cars too. Office hours for CiTR, Discorder, and CiTR Mobile Sound Rental are Mon-Fri, 10am - 4pm (please avoid Friday afternoons) Call the CiTR/Discorder Office at 228-3017, CiTR News+Sports at 224-4320, or the CiTR DJ line at 228-CiTR. Send stuff c/o Discorder Magazine or CiTR Radio to Room 233, 6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, V6T 2A5. Fax (604) 228-6093.



TIMBRE PRESENTS:

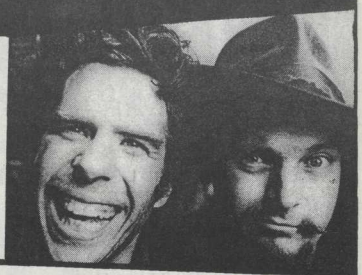
CiTR 101.9 fM presents

MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER

FRIDAY OCT. 6

TOWN PUMP

with guests from Austin, Texas
Evan Johns and the H-Bombs



CiTR 101.9 fM presents

MONDAY

OCTOBER 16

TOWN PUMP

24-7 SPYZ

WITH GUESTS

HARDER THAN YOU IN-EFFECT

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 22

TOWN PUMP

TIMBUK3

WITH GUESTS

Remember...tonight we close at Midnight

99.3 FOX PRESENTS

SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 5

86 STREET MUSIC HALL

HOODOO GURUS

TICKETS:at all ticketmaster locations as well as TRACK, ZULU, BLACK SWAN and HIGHLIFE Records.

CHARGE BY PHONE 280-4444

HEAVY METAL GURU

Dear Airhead,

While I was listening to "Power Chord" just now, I heard the word "Polygram".

What the hell? Doesn't this guy know there's a boycott going on? If he doesn't care, get someone who does. Boycotting is a very effective practice and what are the big boys at Polygreed going to think of good ol' CiTR if they learn that you've only boycotted stuff other than heavy metal? (I work for capitalistic/imperialists. I should know!)

This makes me sick.

Respectfully yours,
Liessi

P.S. I don't even like heavy metal.

YA! WHY BOTHER?

Dear Airhead,

In their discussion of the nature of chaos, Grigg and Hauck insist that we poor earthlings must open our minds, must focus on harmonious arrangements, must re-evaluate our analyses, must rework our inherent misconceptions. Such obligatory pressure!

My question is simply, in this non-linear, chaotic, and disorderly world, why must we do anything?

Faithfully,
Richard Kurial

Good question. The point is that there is order within the apparent disorder, meaning within the confusion. Make a friend of chaos and you've got a friend for life. And y'know, like the song says, ya gotta have friends.

SERIOUS PUBLIC SERVICE?

Dear Airhead,

First of all, let me state that I love CiTR. It serves a highly valuable and valued purpose for the people of the Lower Mainland. Programs such as the Jazz Show, the Rockers Show and Are You Serious Music fill an all-too-large gap that is to be found in local commercial radio.

My only gripe against your station is in the style of your public service announcements. What I find discouraging is the way in which you take serious matters such as cancer, drug abuse, sexual assualt, and heart disease and turn potentially valuable information into a joke through the inclusion of silly and innapropriate music and one-liners. The key words to take note of here are "public service." These messages do not serve the public, only the people that create them and seem to view the messages as a chance to show how really hilarious they are. They aren't. Tell me the truth: Is there anything wrong with making your public service announcements simple and to the point?

Uptight Arnold
Vancouver

Arnold, as you may or may not have noticed, (judging from your mindbending ability to realize you're in Vancouver) CiTR is quite an unique radio station. Most of the PSA's that we receive are designed to be played on commercial radio, and that just isn't good enough for us, so we try to make them entertaining while still getting the message across in a 70 second or less time slot. (We consider this short and to the point.) If this doesn't jive with you, please join the station and produce the quality (yawn) and seriousness (yawn, stretch) you would like to hear....now if you could only find your sense of .... leaves hard to remove stains on your sofa.

(Seriously though, you or anyone is welcome to join CiTR and have the opportunity to make CiTR sound a little more like you want.)

Uncle Mifty
Production Manager

...UM, LIKE, STRAIGHT ARROW DISCORDER!

Dear Airhead,

I recently procured a copy of the Discorder as I have done incessantly since discovering it nearly three years ago, and after perusing its new "tabloid" format I deduced that "that magazine from citr" is decaying.

um... it looks real dumb now, y'know. Like, the other one was neat and everything but now it's real sloppy and stuff. And the letters are to small too. Y'know how the other one was done so like it was careful? I don't know. Maybe it's just me but it's just not the same, right?

Indeed, the incentive for adopting the new format may have been to economize space and money, but I wonder if avarice has a part in your decision. I suspect that the space made available will be used to generate more advertising income - income that has previosly proved itself sufficient. Have you at citr encountered unexpected penury? If this is the present situation, I propound that you print an article expounding your financial woes; perhaps your loyal readers could help. If money is not a problem, and the advertising income is being frittered on drugs, sex and/or alcohol, I request that you fund these luxuries using some method less injurious to "that magazine from citr."

Like, in youre new "tabloid", um... you got ads from systems (come hear the high energy oldies from the 70's), which is real pukey, and from the Roxy, which is even more pukier. I mean God, how gross!! Next you'll have Bon Jovi ads and interviews with Phil Collins and Debbie Gibson posters!

Unfortunately, I was not a resident of Vancouver during the epoch in which the Georgia Strait was slightly more avant-garde than the pandering rag it is presently, but I certainly perceive the inanition of intellect it now demonstrates. I (and another reader and friend of mine) am looking askance at some of the designs that are coming about the Discorder and hope that this format change does not advance in the direction of the aforementioned Georgia Strait.

So, like, if you guys do like the Georgia Straight and Yuppyize the Discorder, will there be, like columns on hollywood and movie stars? How about Rambo? He's real cool. Will you guys have like stories about food on real big plates and things on how to be a mall rat? That'd be neat!

This turgid reproof may present me as somewhat of an alarmist and prig and consequently I feel it would be prudent to lavish praise on all involved with "that magazine from citr" in order to propitiate anyone offended. I do have the utmost conviction that the talents employed at citr are well meaning and beneficient. I will certainly continue to read the Discorder and intend to involve myself... soon.

Um... yeah, it's real cool and stuff. And it's free. Oh yeah, the interview with Laurie Partridge was super groovy. Like it had sex and drugs and stuff. It was neat. And like I'm in a band to so I think you guys do a good job of interviews and talking with bands and stuff. Viola Funk is cool. Is that her real name?

Sincerely,
Mark Sladen
Drummer - Idiot Savant

Decaying... real dumb... sloppy and stuff. OUCH, that hurts. We work our fingers to the bone just to bring you the best damn magazine possible and this is the thanks we get. Yes, Discorder has changed. But decaying? How so? Sloppy and stuff? For example? Real dumb? Is that dumber than usual? It is difficult to respond to accusations devoid of specifics. However, you do make some more exact references.

The type size of the September Discorder was as large or larger than issues of the recent past. This is a minor error on your part. More disturbing is your inference of possible avarice on the part of those who put Discorder together. Discorder's budget is based upon a self-sufficiency, break even goal (which has never actually been attained; the deficits of past years being underwritten by CiTR itself). Discorder's ability to print depends upon advertising revenue. Ads finance the magazine; the amount of ads sold each month determines the number of pages in the magazine. The suspicion that "the space made available will be used to generate more advertising" reveals a lack of understanding of the process of the production of Discorder. We don't have space available which we sell to advertisers; the ads sold create the non-ad (editorial) space.

The advertising revenue for September 1989 was approximately the same as for September 1988. Both issues were 48 pages in length. Furthermore, September 1988 contained about 21 pages of ads, September 1989 only 17. Therefore, since the new format contains pages about twice the size of the old format, the amount of editorial space for September 1989 was more than double that of September 1988. Less ads, more magazine - just for you the beloved reader.

Yes, we have ads from Systems and The Roxy. If they, or others, wish to advertise, that's great. We're sorry if some of our advertisers aren't "cool" enough for you. Really, we're sorry. Believe it or not, Systems has advertised with us in the past.

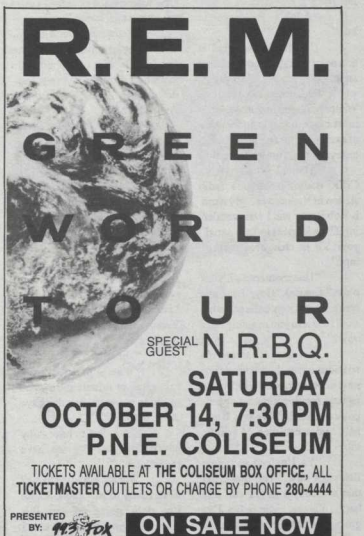
We presume our advertisers will pay their bills. In the past, Discorder has been stiffed by "cool" places (sorry, no names - although we would really, really like to be specific). We don't think it's "cool" to be ripped off. The point is: a store, theater, club, et cetera, advertises in Discorder because it thinks it is a financially worthwhile endeavour.

If Bon Jovi was silly enough to advertise in Discorder, we'd take the money and run, laughing all the way to the proverbial bank. Just like the Pistols did with EMI. What could be more punk rock, eh?

Ah, the dreaded comparison to the Georgia Straight. It was to be expected. Despite the many differences between Discorder and the Straight, the essential one is philosophical: Discorder makes money (i.e., sells ads) so that it can exist, the Straight exists so that it can make money.

You asked whether we would now have columns on Hollywood and movie stars. Well, check out "The Nightout" in this month's issue. I think you'll enjoy it. And yes, Viola Funk is her real name. And she really is from Surrey.

Mr. Ed.



ROB BOPER VERSUS POLYGRAM INC.

TOUGH ASNAILS

PolyGram, PolyGram, PolyGram. Oh yeah, Inc., Inc. Inc. Where to begin? Let's look back in time together, you and I and whoever else cares to come along. Bring the kids, but make sure they fasten their seatbelts. It's a bumpy ride.

(Somewhere in an office complex in Montreal)
Brrrrrrrrringgggggggggggg. (It's a phone ringing, just in case your imagination is a bit rusty at this point).

"Allo? Pollegramme Ink."

(It should be noted at this point that this is only one of an infinate number of ways this whole thing could have started. Writer embellishment, and in most cases, outright fabrication of events has taken place. Just in case you hadn't noticed already.)

"Hello. I'm calling from CiTR Radio, a campus radio station in Vancouver. My name is Rob Boper and I was wondering if I could speak to Tom Asnail, your VP in charge of marketing?"

"Une momento s'il vous plate." (pause) "Hey, Tom, it's some creep from college radio, shall I tell him you're eating right now?"

(A voice rolls out of the spacious three bedroom office next door, complete with suana, jacuzzi, tennis courts, a nine hole golf course, Earl Weaver Baseball, and a cauldren of boiling oil.)

"Ya, I'm frying a bigger fish right now. Tell that freak that someday I might call him back. Ya, that's the ticket, I've got bigger fish to fry and I might call him back - someday! Ha ha ha ha ha! Wait a minute, on second thought, let me talk to the loser. 'Another World' just ended and '5, 4, 3, 2, Run' isn't on this afternoon."

(Pause)

"Monsewer Asnail will be pleased to parlez avec vous. Une momento and je will connect vous toot sweet."

(Pause, and then to someone else in the room) "Ya, okay, but don't let him off the ground until he's licked off every last drop...(then into the phone) Asnail here."

"Mr. Asnail, my name is Rob Boper, from CiTR Radio in Vancouver. I just wanted to talk to you about some ideas that I have which could help both Pollegramme and campus radio work together in a harmonious and cooperative manner."

"Did you say campus radio? So what's your market share, kid? What's your Average Mean Drive Time Target Listener's Mean Income in Odd Years Ending with the Letter 'n'?"

"Um..."

"What's your advertising rate per minute during the morning swing on days that have an 'r' in them?"

"We don't have any advertising, sir, but we have public serv..."

"What? No advertising? Ron, listen to me good, 'cause I'm only going to say this once...Are you listening, kid, I hope so, 'cause I'm only going to say this once...You gotta play ball kid. Money's the name of the game and the name of the game is..."

"Supporting new artists who need exposure!"

"What's the deal, Bob, are you on drugs or something? You're not one of those liberalpinkofaggots, are you kid? Hell, I beat up someone like you once. Mom told me never to hit my brother like that again. But I remember it like it were yesterday...Nothing quite like the feeling of flesh pressing up against flesh in combat. Sweating, grunting, touching. You know what I mean, boy? Do you remember 'Nam, Norm? I do. I could tell you stories...Hell kid, who's paying for this call?"

"Um, you are Mr. Asnail."

"Let me get to my point kid, 'cause I got fish frying that are a lot bigger than your penis, kid. How big is it, by the way?"

(Silence as I look for a ruler with inches, I'm not any good with centimetres.)

"Money, kid, that's what it's all about. Money and orgasms. And you can't have one without the other, that's what I've always said, and let me tell you something, Rick, I have the biggest orgasm around. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Who is this, by the way? You're not recording this are you?"

"No sir, I'm not. And it's Rob Boper, from CiTR. I wanted to talk to you about..."

"Money, kid, money. Nothing else to talk about except orgasms. And I'm only going to say this once, Mark, you can't have one without the other. Just to prove my point , and believe me, kid, it's a big point, I think I want more money. More. Moremoremoremoremore! So, what I'm going to do, and I'm doing this for your own good, Fred, and I tell ya, someday you're going to thank me for this, I'm going to charge you a nominal fee, now when I say nominal, or else my name isn't..."

"Tom."

"Tom Asnail, that's it, Tom Asnail. A nominal fee for receiving Pollegramme product. Now, don't thank me yet, Bill, 'cause, and now this is the best part, I won't charge just you, but all non-profit stations, 'cause, hell boy, if you're not in it for profit, then why the hell are you in it?"

"Does this mean we'll get better service, sir?"

"Well, Jeff, better is a relative term. And who's to compare? I mean do you compare apples to oranges? Do you compare Rocky to Rambo? It's like which is better, him hammerin' the bejesus out of the pinko commie bastard with his fists or him blowing them up with good ole fashioned Yankee ingenuity and artillery? I mean, can you honestly tell me whether or not Flashdance was better than Dirty Dancing? And that's not even counting Saturday Night Fever. The bottom line, Norman is money and costs. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours if I have the time. And if it doesn't cost me anything. Priorities, man, priorities. I tell ya, if Mandela had his priorities in order he wouldn't be in jail right now. He'd be out supporting his family, like a good black man ought to. Like my father, not that he's black or anything, don't get me wrong here kid, I'm pure, more pure than Ivory Soap, if you get my drift. And it's a white drift, none of that yellow stuff in it, either."

"Then why will we be charged for getting your material, sir. I mean, no other record company expects us to pay for their records. We provide an outlet for your lesser known artists, some of whom eventually go on to become bigger. Don't you think we can work together?"

"Ya right, comrade, work together. Don't try to pull none of that communist shit over on me, Nikita. Just send me a bill for the air time that we use. I'll get my accountants right on it. Ya, that's it. I'll make it a top priority, Right after trying to sign Christopher Ward to a five album deal. Wake up and smell the hickory flavoured bacon, you stupid collegepinkofaggothippie-flunkie - college radio means nothing to me. Hell, you guys don't even play any Zeppelin. How do you expect me to take you seriously? Change formats, Dirk. Get a hair cut. Get some sun. Lose the ripped t-shirt. Send me some money each month. Learn to play ball with the big boys. Eat your Wheaties. Then we'll talk. We'll do lunch. I know this great place..."

Okay, so maybe it didn't happen quite like that, but you get the general idea. PolyGram Inc., (the Inc. is very important - it makes them feel important), feels it have just cause for charging a yearly fee from campus/community radio stations for their product. After all, their service is so good and we get so many extra bonuses that it's worth the money. This is where we scream "Bullshit!" and the disagreements begin, with no end in sight.

Problem One - When PolyGram Inc. first instituted their yearly fee of $350 for the "alternative package" in 1988, it was done because PolyGram Inc. claimed that they were joining in an "industry wide practice."

Sorry, do not pass go, do not collect $200 - or $350 as the case may be - go directly to jail. When the fee was instituted WEA Records was also charging for servicing. Partly due to pressure from campus radio, WEA dropped their fee and now service for free, just like everyone else. Except for the PolyGram Inc. people.

Problem Two - PolyGram Inc. further justify their greed and lust for more money by claiming their servicing is better, their information packages are more complete, and also by simply saying that it is expensive to service radio, especially insignificant whiffs of stations, like those that take up valuable club space on university campuses across this great land of ours. Well, we may be small compared to something like CFOX or CFMI, but we serve a market that they do not. It's a smaller market, to be sure, we make no allusions about trying to compete with bigger, commercial stations. In the words of our esteemed colleagues at PolyGram Inc., "it's like comparing apples and oranges." PolyGram Inc. bands like Love and Rockets, The Pixies, and New Order

have only reached the popularity and notoriety that they now command through exposure on campus radio. And it is not through the servicing by PolyGram Inc. that these bands got played on campus/community radio. CiTR had very good relations with PolyGram Inc.'s local office and received, for free, most PolyGram Inc. new releases. But it is stations in places like Regina, Winnipeg, and even some Southern Ontario stations that get little attention from the boys and girls at the big P. The P'sters have decided that Canada is made up of three primary markets - Toronto, Toronto, and Toronto, with Montreal and Vancouver being secondary markets. Edmonton, Calgary, and some other Ontario stations rate some notice, while the rest of Canada might as well be in Indochina. They'd probably get better service if they were.

Let's look at the bottom line here, for I know that's what PolyGram Inc. would have us do. In simple dollars and cents it goes something like this: There are 30 campus/community radio stations in Canada. If we were each to pay $325 to PolyGram Inc. for their hallowed product, that would mean an additional $9750 in beloved revenue for our favourite record company. Now, even assuming that the servicing plan costs nothing to operate, which it doesn't, is PolyGram Inc. trying to tell me, you, my mom, and my cat which is dead, that campus/community radio in Canada is not worth $9750 a year in record sales and publicity? Go figure. If you come up with an answer to this one, I'll give you Bob Ansell's (PolyGram VP in charge of Marketing and the man responsible for the servicing plan) phone number and you can phone him and tell him he's a genius for deciding to be the only company with enough foresight to charge nonprofit radio for the records that they play on air.

So the question that begs to be answered, and it's a good

> "...you stupid collegepinkofaggothippie-pie-flunkie - college radio means nothing to me."

one - I'm glad you thought of it - is why don't stations just pay the $350? After all, we must surely all have $350 kicking around that we could spare. Well, the answer goes something like this...CiTR and 95% of the other stations could easily afford the money. That's not the issue. If we were to pay the fee then other record companies, who must surely be monitoring this situation with some interest, would see that campus/community radio was easy prey and shove even more fees down our throats. Eventually, we would have seven record companoes demanding money to get records from them and then we couldn't afford any of them. Which all suits me just fine, as there are many vibrant and exciting independent labels around, (PopLlama, SubPop, Caroline, Og, WaxTrax, et cetera), that make what we do at the broadcast end of things seem worthwhile. Screw PolyGram Inc. and the rest of the majors, if need be - I hope it never comes to that stage - but our mandate is not to play established artists. Our mandate, and feel free to argue with me at any point, is to find the new, explore unfound sounds, to boldly go where...you get my drift - which strangely enough is not a drift dominated by white male rock ensembles or record company executives, for that matter.

A nationwide boycott has been established and will remain in effect until such time as PolyGram Inc. drops all servicing fees to campus/community radio stations in Canada. In my discussion with people at the P-word and throughout Canadian campus stations, I don't think that this will be resolved soon. Until, it is CiTR and other stations have agreed to the followed guidelines:

1. No station will present or otherwise promote any concerts that have PolyGram Inc. bands on the bill. (Discorder is also not accepting advertising from PolyGram Inc. or shows in which their bands are playing in).

2. No station will make available any new PolyGram Inc. releases. For CiTR, this means that no PolyGram Inc. distributed artists will be included in our PlayList.

3. No interviews will be granted to PolyGram Inc. artists unless the servicing fee issue is addressed. CiTR and Discorder carry this one step further and will not do any interviews with PolyGram Inc. artists for any purpose.

4. All stations will make efforts to bring the issue of servicing fees to the attention of the media and the public.

These are but the main points ratified at the National Campus/Community Radio Conference that was held in Victoria, (hosted by our friends at CFUV), in August 1989. None of them are fun, but this is war. PolyGram Inc. fired the first shots and it took campus radio quite sometime to respond. We are trying to make up for lost time and show the head cheddars at 6000 Cote de Liesse, St. Laurent, Quebec, H4T 1E3, (Bob Ansell is the nice man there to send your letters of support to. Tell him he's right and that maybe the only problem with the fee is that it isn't high enough. And that maybe there should be a provision for back fees, for all records that we received since 1970 that weren't covered in the plan at that time), that we've had enough of their crap, that we're going to take a stand and fight for something that we believe in, (something most students at UBC don't have a clue about, or did we all want that 10% tuition increase?).

Brrrrringgggg. Brrrrrringgggggg. Brrrrrrringgggggggggggg.

"Allo? PolleGramme Ink."

"Ya, uh, hi. It's Rob Boper from CiTR Radio calling for Tom Asnail. Could I please speak with him?"

"Just une momento, monsewer."

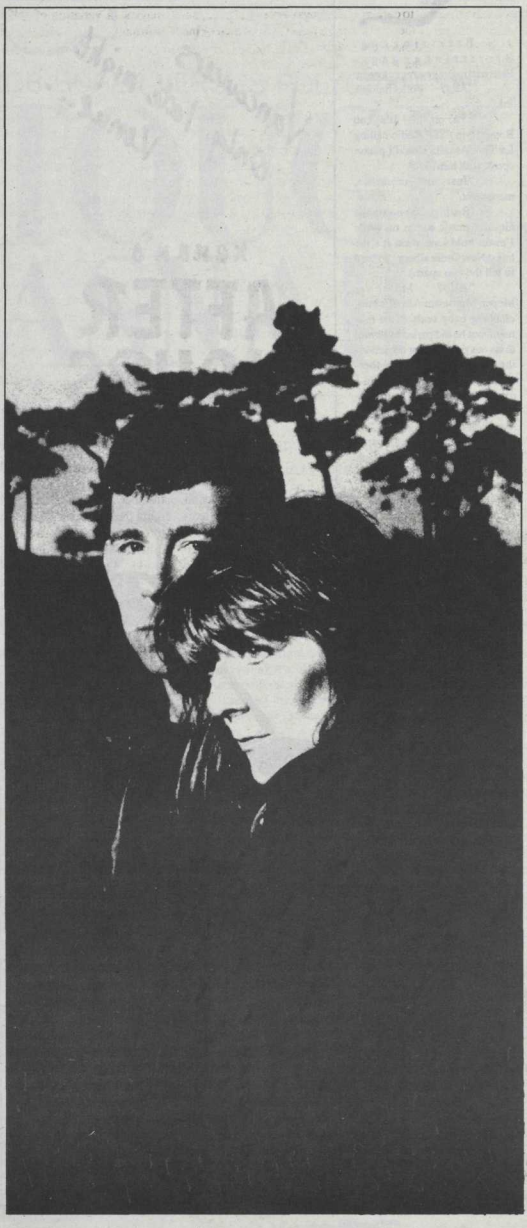
(Boring, monotonous elevator music comes on while I'm on hold - no wait, it's the latest New Order album. So hard to tell the two apart.)

"Allo? Monsewer Moper, Monsewer Asnail is busy clubbing baby seals at the moment, but he did parlez avec moi that vous payment for the servicing plan, was 'ow you say, overdue, and that he would, and I quote, 'Rip that commie-pinkofaggothippie's hair out if it wasn't in by next Tuesday.'"

"Oh, I see. Well, first of all, my name is Boper, Rob Boper. Secondly, if you could just make sure that Mr. Asnail gets this message, I promise not to ever bother him again. It is very important that he hears what I have to say. Please tell him that even though he thinks we don't know what we are doing, we are doing it anyway. Please tell him we are quite happy without his product and we are sorry that his precious bottom line is bruised, but we see much more to life than a bottom line dictated by corporate executives who fake compassion and understanding when they understand dick. Tell him that we are tired of being patronized by him and his appointed flunkies, and also make sure that he knows that it will be a cold day in hell before we ever play another PolleGramme record on our station. Let him know that it's nothing personal, and we don't hate him, just his narrow minded attitude and his glorification of the dollar as the ultimate goal. I'm sure that bands he represents will be pleased to know that some of them will be getting no airplay in Canada. And tell him he's right, it may look like the boycott is having no effect now, but wait six months or a year when the next 'hot new' band, like Love and Rockets or the Pixies once were, release an album that goes completely ignored by the only stations that would have supported it. And finally, tell him to have a happy day. Did you get all that?"

"Um, what came after 'My name is Tex Boper, and I have no idea what I am doing?"

Click.



GETTIN' NOSEY WITH

COSEY

by Lloyd Ulíana
Soup Stock From The Bones
Of The Elephant Man
Friday Evenings 12:30 - 4:00AM

"A woman on stage - whether she's wearing a side-split dress with a low-cut neck, or a casual street outfit - can expect to be assessed on the basis of her looks first, regardless of what she's doing."
- Sue Steward from *What Shall I Wear in Radical America*, 1984.

Image and sexuality in popular music, particularly that of women, has always been an area laden with accusations from or glorification by media, general acceptance from audiences, tolerance and compromise from the viewpoint of the performer, and outright exploitation by agents and record companies. **The Slits** took the art direction for their **Cut** release into their own hands. The jacket shows the three women half-naked and covered in mud. The Slits' **Viv Albertine**, quoted in the Steward article, recalls:
"Nobody could see the strength, the joke, the little twist that we were all a bit fat. They were thinking we were trying a come on and sell our image. What would they prefer - us all dolled up in something fashionable? We wanted to write songs that wouldn't go out of fashion and we felt that about the cover, too. We didn't have to explain it! But in the end, everything we did solidified our image; you get a lot of shit for not fitting into a box. And gradually we had to shake off the Slits' 'Wild Women of Wongo' image. No A & R men were interested in us for a long time, and even when we signed to CBS, we still couldn't get the radio DJs to relent on their opinion of us."

The potential for artist control - while backfiring for Albertine and cohorts Ari Upp and Tessa, in the sense that their anti-image stance was interpreted differently than intended - has been of great interest to me during my five year involvement with college radio where artists like Jarboe of Swans/Skin, Lydia Lunch, Sinead O'Connor, Exene Cervenka (X), Karen Finley, Cosey, and Debbie Jaffe (Master/Slave Relationship) offer alternatives to the sterotypical 'expected' behaviour and participation of women in mainstream media.

In the CTI bulletin #5 that accompanied the Chris and Cosey "Sweet Surprise" 12" which I obtained by mailorder, Cosey Fanni Tutti laid out some of her feelings on her involvement in modelling, striptease, and other performances with a high sexual-orientation. I was oblivious to this non-musical side to Cosey, having only discovered the band through some of their most recent releases - Allotropy, Techno-Primitiv, and the Nettwerk-released Take Five ep, Exotika, the Core collaboration, and now, the new lp, Trust. Keeping Viv Albertine's experiences in mind, I wrote Cosey asking her if as a performer, musically or other, there ever was a time when she felt the control of her image, her sexual, emotional and intellectual capacities were no longer hers. The following

are responses aired over several editions of Soup Stock From the Bones of the Elephant Man.

COSEY:

I have controlled my exploration of sex and its many guises for my own sanity and retain my love for sex and the enjoyment of the feeling of love and closeness, which is often denied and lost to those who wildly and blindly enter the sex market. By this I mean a lot of people I have met up with in my time as model and striptease worker have lost their ability to link affection with sex. It had always been on a business level. That's soul destroying as we are all basically dependent on affection as a means to cope with life. We need mates, be they male to male, female to male, or female to female. I think it is sad when someone is 'forced' into a homosexual relationship as their only alternative to their 'natural' state because of their experiences with sex. Let me clarify that I don't maintain there is a 'natural' state of male to female no more than there is a natural form of male to male or female to female. It is whatever feels the most natural to each human being. All I say is that when this most natural urge is damaged by a bad experience or series of degrading/debasing/devalueing experiences and the person turns to the sex that never 'hurt' in any way, then it's sad because their self deep down inside is damaged. I saw a lot of girls turn off men...seek relationships with men and fail, then in desperation for affection that would be loyal turn to another woman.

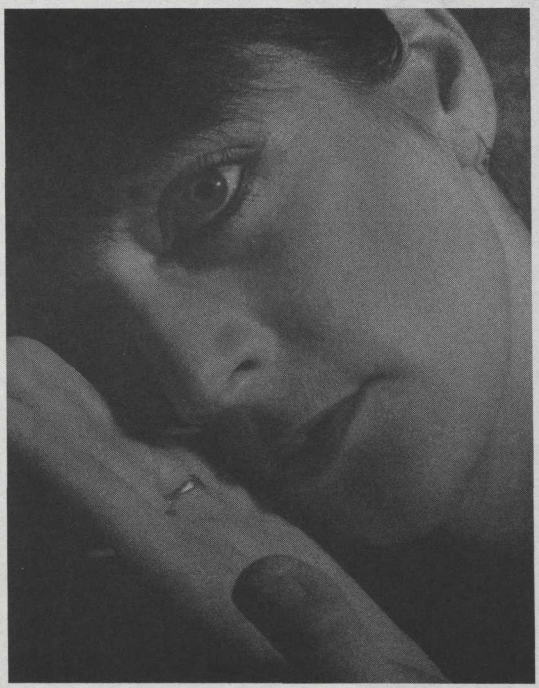
Sex is such a sensitive area of our lives; it scars us mentally as well as physically because it is as mentally orientated as it is physical. I guess someone who after so long suppressing their sexual desires finally allows them to come to reality feels so good. I'm talking here of gays because it's them who have been punished for so long for feelings which are as natural to them as breathing. My God, sex and all its implications is such a vast and far reaching subject. Look how religions use it as a means of control, let alone media and society. It disgusts me to see blatant manipulation of sexual feelings, because a bad sexual experience or guilt associated with sex has far reaching consequences. I suppose that's why I felt a need to get to know my sexual needs, desires, limitations...get to know my body and my mental capacity for experience. I was lucky I had an avenue open to me which was controllable to some extent. I could refuse jobs for magazines and films and even striptease work. Then again, if I refused jobs too eagerly I would be in danger of controlling my experiences too much.

So, there were moments when I felt my control slipping and being forced into a situation I really didn't want to be in. In these instances I would psych myself and reason things out...maybe change the format a little so that the balance of control was more equal. I can't say I ever lost complete control. Mostly, when that question arose it was over something I had never done before and I was hesitating.

> "I think the thing that annoys me most about pornography is the spouting off about it by so many people who know nothing about it. It's like a person telling you about the effect of heroin when they've never taken it."

Then, I had to ask why and if it was because I actually found it to be repulsive, I would refuse maybe until another time when I was more prepared to face it. Oddly enough, I found lesbian scenes more easy because we had a rapport. There was no role play involved. I think all people are bisexual to certain degrees. It's when the scales are thrown off balance that we swing either side. Affection with any sex is a wonderful feeling. Some extend it to sex, some don't. Why should we attach so much guilt?

I think the thing that annoys me most about pornography is the spouting off about it by so many people who know nothing about it. It's like a person telling you about the effect of heroin when they've never taken it. I mean by this the moral majority...more like minority...as well as many feminists. There is exploitation in everything you could name, religion being the worst. I see both sides of the argument. As I've been out of striptease and modelling now a good four years, I see it all more objectively. The truth is, both parties are exploiting each other. The bad news is when one is getting a worse deal than the other. Either the girl suffers from continuous feelings of degradation at the hands and eyes of men or the man feels conned by the woman. So this vicious circle builds up where there's a very hardened woman dealing with the situation out of necessity and the hardened, bitter male. I guess it's bad judgement of the situation, really. Being able to judge the character of the man in question is a skill and inevitably it goes wrong sometimes. The law of averages decrees that. No one's to blame, male or female. I guess in my situation, I was happy for the money...the experience...the company I acquired from the job of exploiting men's desires to see women in the flesh as much as they were happy for me to strip off for them. I never gave a false impression of what was on offer though. Many men misinterpret women's body language...or they're just blind to it completely and lust takes over all else. There are so many stereotypes you could give examples of why things go wrong or why pornography exists at all. The thing is, each person has their version of it and that's why it's never going to be possible to come up with a definitive answer to why does pornography do this or why does it do that. There are so many permutations of human nature that go together to form a person's sexual desires that it will remain an impossible question to answer.



I think the question of exploitation arises when you do something and you are then manipulated to do something else which is against your own judgement. I never did that. I knew what I was doing and why. At times I would feel like kicking some guys in the face because they were such morons but then there's a lot of moronic women too. It's not exclusive to one sex or another, this moronic attitude to sex. A lot of women view it as a duty and wonder why guys have such a weird view of it in return.

My reasons for anything I do is that I have a genuine interest and curiosity towards it. I need to find out from the experience rather than the book. The book comes last for me. Like with magick (a variation of self-affirmation theory - ed.). My experience came first and the reading of the books afterwards to affirm my feelings, my judgements, and actions. Anyone can read a formula and copy. Few have the heart to procure naturally from deep inside. I say this because you say that I take many avenues of expression...not just music. That's because not everything can be said or expressed with sound. A great deal can, and it leaves the listener's imagination and self to place pictures and emotions with that sound which then creates a joint effort, which is great. However, I have always channelled my energies into whatever awakens that spark in my inner self. Hence, the art performance work, music, film, etc. etc.

Chris and Cosey as such exists mainly as a music title because that is the medium that we are best known through because of the availability of records around the world. I think most people are fascinated by the other activities we take part in and others are happy to deal just with the music. That's fine with us. We don't demand anything of anyone. Just ourselves. I do, however, find it encouraging when someone not yet aware of the various levels we humans can exist on gets in touch and discovers little by little that life holds more that they originally thought. I've seen this happen time and time again and it hasn't been through me preaching, but through their questions of themselves. I don't believe in doctrines of any kind...they smack of control which has to lead to someone who has a need to control people. They have a problem, no one else.

On your knees, Vancouver. In the November issure, catch another candid interview, similar in theme, with Debbie Jaffe of Indianapolis' Master / Slave Relationship. S&M... pornography... pierced nipples... artist control... and maybe we'll throw in some discussion on her music. Whaddya say? It's all in next month's DISCORDER.

never mind the sex pistols

here's kino

Marek Cieszewski's Vancouver International Film Festival Flick Picks

ZAZIE, from Japan, is one of Silver pick's of this year's Vancouver International Film Festival.

Before Elvis there was nothing.

Then came Leonard Schein (sorry, Leonard, but the King is number 1), the Phantom of the Ridge at the time. Driven by kinolove and a love for kinodollars, he dreamt of a "pure blood". The result: Vancouver's own film festival. It was the Year of the King 47 (1982 for all you pagans).

This year the eighth Vancouver International Film Festival is a massive kinohemorrhage with some 140 titles pumped into 14 days from September 29 to October 15.

The VIFF is non-competitive, as opposed to - let's take the most notorious example - Cannes where kinobizmen and kinohustlers from around the world dine on free lobster and champagne and try to hustle as many kinowinners as they can afford so they can then flog them in their own countries and make mucho kinopesos. Personal taste having nothing to do with bizness, no one really knows - or cares - what's good and what's not. Everyone relies on word of mouth. Kinohype is reality, modesty is kinofiction. It is therefore possible to declare a genuine piece of kinoshit, such as UN ZOO LA NUIT two years ago, and get away with it.

Thank Leonard, our VIFF is of the no-deal kind. Even though our VIFF is non-competitive we will still be able to collect autographs from various guest filmers, producers, stars, and assorted free-loaders from the local rags and radio stations. But that's what makes every kinofest fun.

Long before Elvis, words like "riveting", "delightful", "stunning", "masterpiece", et cetera, were commonly used by poets only. Now, Year of the King 54 (1989, you big dummy), our entire vocabulary implodes into a sleazy blackhole under the combined pressure of a new language of advertizing, consumption, entertainment, cynical banking, and a new reality of cultural exhaustion. Kinoporn has solved the problem of valuation long time ago; they have a method. They call it kinoerection. But how can we, dear shoppers, tell food from garbage by reading the label alone? Not to worry. This is why I divided the 140 riveting masterpieces of the eighth VIFF into 5 easy categories:

1. MY CHOICE: Michelangelo: Self-Portrait; Where the Sun Beats (warning: little action); Jesus of Montreal (enough poetry to inspire a Teamster); Monkey Folk; Maicol; Sons; The Power of Solovki; 100 Children waiting for a Train; War Requiem; Circus Boys; Six by Four; Romero; Malpractice (warning: don't take your pregnant friend to it!); Days of Eclipse; Strapless; Man Who Came to Dinner; Reunion; Roger and Me; My Favourite Story; A Foreign Affair; Akira; Chattahoochee; Surname Viet; Little Man in a Big War; Lightning Over Braddock; Little Thief; Coma; How to Get Ahead in Advertising; True Love; Four Adventures.

2. ELVIS' CHOICE (or the Best of the Tacky and Hokey): Songlines; Heavy Petting; Toxic Avenger II; Lady Eve; So What; Midnight; Love in the Afternoon; Arsenic and Old Lace; Cannibals; Meet the Hollowheads; Zazie; Bad Taste.

3. ENVER HOXA'S CHOICE (or Paint-By-Numbers Politics Films): Mapantsula; The Citadel; Evening Bells; A Very British Coup; Servant; Island; Mary Mary; Summer of Aviya; Midday Sun; Vacant Lot; American Stories; Fight for Us; Peddler; World is Watching.

4. MICHAEL JACKSON and JULIO IGLESIA'S CHOICE (or the Slick and Boring): Drugstore Cowboy; Lady From Shanghai Cinema; Zilch; Look Who's Talking; Roadkill; Georgia; Speaking Parts; Too Beautiful for You; Apartment Zero; Needle; Johanna d'Arc of Mongolia; Neon Man; Enchantment; Tall Guy; Secret Wedding.

5. THE VANCOUVER SUN, THE PROVINCE, and THE GEORGIA STRAIGHT'S CHOICE (or You're-On-Your-Own Choice): All the rest.

NOTE: Duty Squad - a 50 minute political drama made in a Vancouver kinoco-op Cineworks by Michael Kirby for little more than pocket money was mistakingly omitted from the first Festival Guide. Aimed at the stomach but destined for reflection, this humble film features some fine police brutality and surprisingly good acting himself. Plays Van East on Thanksgiving together with The World Is Watching.

The world is an ocean of fun - this is certain. Everyone that is swimming in it is very happy and so they should be. That this one and that one choked, and another one drowned is irrelevant because somewhere between the oil spills of Alaska, the holes in the ozone, and the new line of rags from Kalvin Klein lies the importance of the Vancouver International Kinofest. Enjoy.

For current kinoinfo call 685-VIFF.

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the moment you do?

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Oct.7 @ Midnight, Cinematheque
Oct.14 @ Midnight, Cinematheque

ROAD KILL (Canada)
Oct. 2 @ 9:30, Cinematheque
Oct. 3 @ 2:00, Cinematheque

AKIRA (Japan)
Oct. 8 @ 4.30, Hollywood
Oct. 10 @ 4:30, Paradise

ZAZIE (Japan)
Oct. 12 @ 4:30, Paradise
Oct. 14 @ 7:00, Hollywood

SONGLINES (W. Germany)
Sep. 30 @ 4:30, Cinematheque
Oct. 2 @ 10:00, Cinematheque

HEAVY PETTING (U.S.A.)
Sep. 30 @ 7:00, Hollywood
Oct. 1 @ 4:30, Van East

SO WHAT (Japan)
Oct. 2 @ 7:00, Van East
Oct. 5 @ 4:30, Paradise

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in a world of music

by leigh r wolf

What would it be like in your world without music? The beautiful and the doomed, the haunting and the unforgettable; these feelings are the heart of our experience without which our lives would be static. Existence without passion equals death.

Tunes become us, train us, reflect us, release us, pursue us, lift us up to the heights of godhood, slam us down into the pity puddle, and allow us to dream of that which is not. The trick is to use one's own awareness of music and musicians to the highest degree. Everyone has experienced the feeling of turning on the radio and hearing the perfect song at the right moment. How conscious are we of creating those moments for ourselves?

Any good rap attack(Public Enemy, Kool Moe Dee, Compton, r best) has powerful juju. On the other end, etheareal string theory along the lines of Throwing Muses, Philip Glass, or Nurse w/ Wound offers the right brain some much needed organic food in the struggle for hemispheric integration.

On a more spiritual note, the full-piston exorcisms of Swans, Ministry, or Laibach suggest a mutant mentation revving full blast into the small town of your mind. Imagine the sound-scrape of ten thousand digital jackhammers penetrating the frontal lobes, initiating the most sheltered puppies into the joys of reality as an equal partner in life. (That yesterday's teens never knew the gratuitous thrills of Throbbing Gristle or the venerable clarity of Cabaret Voltaire makes us pause to consider the current ill-age.)

When the dreaded 100,000 word essay looms like a vulture on vended wing the only alternative to caffeine pills and double espressos are the twisted lyrics of Robyn Hitchcock mixed liberally with Motorhead and/or Beatnigs at 78 rpm/188 bpm. Conversely, when melodious love sonnets are appropriate for creating the mood of a silken soft evening, the proactive partner programs with care and attention. Sarah McLachlan, Bill Nelson's latest, or Cocteau Twins can help to alleviate the carcrash mindset of the urban reality map and set the stage for Eros to enter.

How about when you come home after a heavy evening of audience participation performance art? You're tired, your feet smell and you really want to sit down in front of the graphix environment with a cold beer or a fat joint. You turn to the tape box and pull out the first one you touch....oops...you put back your copy of Kiss Alive and root around till you come up with.....The Captain's Trout Mask, meet the residents, Metal Machine Music?

How about that long car ride into the heartland of the province. The need for wilderness must be satisfied or the urbane guerrilla mind starts addressing trees formally as sir and madam. The sign up ahead reads Boston Bar and you realize you are one quarter to there. The next tape into the machine might be Woodentops, might be Violent Femmes, but most likely will be Uncle Lou's Greatest Hits (travelogue music for the hard of know). The beat leads the line in a race toward some conclusion and the harder you run the faster time slips away until the final surrender.

What about those strained moments when your partner accuses you of bathroom treachery or unkind thoughts about indigenous plant life. The local peace initiative must be successful or your textbooks might end up covered in raspberry jam. The only solution, short of self-immolation, would be playing some music designed to take the edge of an otherwise horrible moment. Beat Farmers....too cynical, Public Image....too malevolent, Bad Brains.....too angry. The solution would appear to be getting back to the roots of all true love and sadness.....the blues. Sonny Terry & Brownie Mcghee, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy, Mississippi John Hurt, Lightning Hopkins, Billie Holiday, Aretha, Ray - the essence of true love on a hot August night or a cold rainy day in mid-February. The poets say that love is blue and they must know.

If the smell of patchouli incense and the feel of tye-dye are part of an evening of nostalgia devoted to coming to terms with the era of eternal youth, what is left but Hawkwind, Fairport Convention, or Pentangle; good hippy all. Or if one seeks solace amidst brilliance, the sounds of John Cage, Steve Reich, and Ryuchi Sakamoto have the power to level tall buildings while leaving them standing.

In these post-Dylan days who can serve up truth to inspire the jaded? Hitchcock? Certainly. Billy Bragg? Emotionally. Atilla? Ironically. John Cooper-Clarke? Absolutely. So when the inspiration of one who knows would serve to lighten the load.....

Music alters the atmosphere. It can change destinies and upset the average apple cart while simultaneously bringing into balance the subtle energies of integration and understanding. Music grounds us while sending our awareness to a higher level. In the lower frequencies are the properties of discovery while the top end contains the knowledge we desire. Music can drive us towards those kinds of experiences our mothers hoped we would never know. Inside the beat of the tribal drum lays beauty so horrifying that only the strangest people even consider its existence. Music, the highest language...the lowest common denominator.... and the noblest artform in all creation.

REAL LIVE ACTION

Excited First Daughter
Vancouver East Cultural Center
Saturday September 16th

I saw Excited First Daughter for the first time at the Commodore. I was eighteen and looked it, but somehow managed to scam my way past the scary-looking doorguy and secure a table near the stage. I spent the next hour and a half fending off a pushy waitresses and trying to devise a way to short-circuit the obnoxious mix tape on the sound system. When the band finally hit the stage, they were met with a reception best summed up in the words of the drunk at the next table: "Hey, you can't fuckin' DANCE to this."

Saturday night at the VECC there were no doormen, no drunks, and, best of all, no pushy waitresses. In their place was a stage resembling a stripped-down version of the one Laurie Anderson devised for Home Of The Brave: floodlights, blacklight, a screen suspended from the stage, strange-looking packages wrapped in canvas, and a grand piano. An accompanying leaflet outlined the evening: three sets of thematically connected songs, plus a short film by Mina Shrum. Then the lights went out and, dressed in what could have been surplus Devo jumpsuits, the band emerged from clouds of chemical smoke and launched into the first—and weakest—song cycle, "Inner Seas". The opening piece, "Oasis", sounded like a minimalist version of Tangerine Dream, and meandered on far too long. "CF-WBO", on the other hand, sounded great, yet was spoiled briefly by the intrusion of a performance poet whose insipid lyrics did nothing to enhance the music. The set concluded with an impressive instrumental, "The Wet City", and an unannounced version of "Algebraic Gardens". Things were definitely looking up.

The Mina Shrum film—about a guy who pastes photos of his girlfriends' heads over nude Penthouse centerfolds—was fun, as were its "silent film" style captions. If the film is typical of Shrum's work, I'd like to see more.

The second song cycle, "Inner Suns", was easily the most impressive, kicking off with an energetic version of "Let's Mate". Highlights included a stunning "Under The Heat", in which the backlit silhouettes of two dancers moved to and fro on screens placed on either side of the stage, a quickie duet between keyboardist Mark Bell and guest saxophonist Karen Graves, and the concluding "The Hammer Song", a fast-moving, rhythmic piece that showed the band at its best: fast and loud, while at the same time musically competent and clearly audible.

After an intermission, the band returned with a third cycle, "Inner Cities", composed of E1D standards. Included were "I'm A Building", the clever "What's Wrong With This Picture?" (which provided the best line of the evening: "Tiny islands of sanity where no one's ever been"), and "One World" and "Irresponsible", two standout envioronmentally aware songs; Irresponsible thanks to a three-part harmonized chorus composed of guitarist Paul Funk, stick player Dave Horsley, and keyboardist Bell, and One World thanks to Bell's strong vocals ("I'm living with acid rain, I'm living in a greenhouse/We've only got one world"). Also included was a quirky, lyrical prose-poem about Robson Street, "Meanwhile In Cafes".

Guitarist Funk broke a string halfway through What's Wrong With This Picture?, but, to both his and the band's credit, the song emerged sounding just fine. The broken string also provided the first encore of the evening, as drummer Q, Horsley and Bell jammed while Funk installed a new one.

I left the VECC at 10:30 with a program in one hand and a piece of carrot cake in the other, humming Let's Mate under my breath. Despite the pretentiousness of the opening moments of Inner Seas, the concert will remain with me as the most innovative I've ever seen locally. This says a great deal for Excited First Daughter's unique presentation and musical ability. I urge you to watch for their live appearances in the future. All in all, a great evening.

Chris Brayshaw

Bad Brains
86 St. Music Hall
Monday September 4th

A jam packed 86 Street witnessed a brilliant show by Bad Brains on Labour Day Night. One of the most unique bands to come out of the original Washington, D.C. hardcore scene. Now based in New York, they have been around for many years without substantially changing their sound.

Alternating every few songs between crunching, rhythmic hardcore and straight-ahead reggae, the Bad Brains maintained vibrancy throughout the night's performance. Nice dreadlocks, too. One of the most thrilling bands I've seen in a while.

Rob Moore

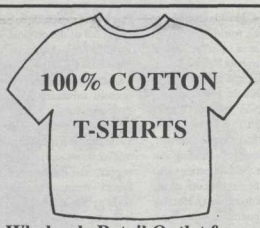
Swagmen/Tin God
Arts Club
Saturday September 16th

The Swagmen is an instrumental surfer theme band of sorts. These guys stayed in the background, doing so by choice. It was really nice not to have to shout for the first half of the evening but as far as the band having an impact, I hardly knew they were there.

Tin God, on the other hand, is an aggressive band with a full, loud sound. They also seem to actually take the time to write good lyrics. It's too bad the lead singer has the unfortunate tendency to swallow the last syllable of every line.

Stacey Hooper

Lounge squid Dave McIntosh fronts the bizarre PYF at the Town Pump, September 17th.



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Amalia Dorigoni, a native Guatemalan now living in Canada, tells her story. Also, an update on the current Guatemalan situation and what you can do to help.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, DROP BY THE AMNESTY UBC OFFICE IN SUB 211B - CHECK OUT THE CALENDAR ON OUR OFFICE DOOR

George Clinton and His P-Funk All-Stars, September 3rd at 86 Street - Absolutely Funkin' Amazing ! Those who attended this show were able to take part in the liveliest, funkiest, grooviest live dance party this city has seen in years. I, for one, had the best, most fun time I have had at a concert in a long, long time. Not knowing exactly what to expect, but having a notion the show would be conceptual, with costumes and the like (what I imagined the **Parliament Mothership** shows of the '70's to have been), I and many others were completely blown away by the unbridled exuberance and party atmosphere these guys put out from the first note on.

The seventeen piece band kicked into a heavy groove, told everybody in the house to dance and party their asses off and didn't let up for 3 and 1/2 solid hours. Constantly exhorting the audience to sing along on the choruses or simply to shout 'Go Ahead', 'We Funkin' Over Here, Over There Ain't Shit' and various other suitably funky things, these guys tore the roof off the joint like never before. It proved that the man who was THE prime mover of funk music in the late-60's and '70's and has influenced everybody from Prince to **Public Enemy**, **is at 48 years still second to none when it comes to puttin' out the funk.** His music is as relevant as ever. Those who weren't converts to 'The Funk' beforehand certainly were when they left.

Five nights earlier **Ice-T** and his Posse ripped up the Commodore Ballroom. Two completely jammed, sold-out shows for the first big rap artist to play Vancouver (excluding BDP last month) in years. Believe me, the crowd was pumped. The show began with various rappers and members of Ice-T's crew **(Spinmasters, Everlast)** getting up to do their own stuff and generally hyping the people for the man himself.

Ice-T's own appearance was preceded by an excerpt from **Jello Biafra** from his **No More Cocoons** LP, in which he attacks the loss of freedom of speech and the general trend toward conformity in American society. This set the tone for the evening as Ice-T performed, along with all the old favorites, every song from his new album entitled **Iceberg: Freedom of Speech** which contains many more political raps and displays a much tougher (lots of hard rock guitar samples) sound than his previous material.

When this gig got going it really kicked. If Clinton was a good time party this was absolute mania. The wild, frenzied atmosphere that Ice-T, with as many as eight others, built up on stage was eaten up and given right back by the hyped mass. The kids knew the words to all the raps and made like MC's themselves rapping along and taking the mic from Ice-T for parts of songs.

It was extremely encouraging to see these two acts here and big 'Yo' to the promoters for bringing them in (and for the all-ages show). Hopefully other promoters in town will pick up on the success of this and realize that good hip-hop/funk acts can be a force in this market. Any number of other groups could generate similar interest here. A sign of things to come?

Not surprisingly though, in true Vancouver fashion, commercial radio remains ensconced in the dark ages, refusing to take a chance on this music unless, of course, if it has safely gone number one in the US (see Tone Loc). No real matter though - let them rot in their corporate factory pop sewage if they so choose - CiTR remains THE station to hear the best and newest of this most vital form of music being made today; at least somebody knows whats going on. Check your On The Dial Listings for the times of your favorite shows.

DO IT TO YOUR CROWD: Every so often a record comes along that takes familiar ideas, in this case rap and house, and uses them to create an indescribable sound that has to be heard to be believed. The current **Twin Hype** single "Do It To The Crowd" is such a record. A low chugging bass, very creative judicious use of samples, killer scratching and breaks, and lots of space make this the coolest jam I've heard in months. Get on this one - Beat Mix Single of the Month.

Remember **KRUSH's** House Arrest? Well, the woman who sang 'We got this house under arrest', **Ruth Joy**, has a new single called, "Don't Push It", produced by none other than **Mantronik** himself. Musically substantially different than HA but similar in the way her pretty, sexy but not too soulful voice acts as another, complimenting the slow funky, sampled wah-wah guitar groove and great transformer style breaks by the **King of the Beats**.

English mix-master **Simon Harris** has now released an LP, predictably including all his 12" releases plus a few other things. "Run for Cover" and "Monster Jam" are both decent raps with groovy soulful horns in a chorus set against SH's familiar, well-crafted sample overlays. The funnest part of this LP is the seven 20-30 second cut-up pieces found between many of the songs. No new mind-blowing stuff (like 'BASS-How Low Can You Go?') but a good record and a good buy for those who don't own the 12"s. For those who don't feel like dishing out for masses of import 12"s there is the import only **Silver On Black** double LP compilation. This contains full-length mixes of many club hits from the past year or so, featuring two from **D-Mob, Elektra, Tyree, Marshall Jefferson, Cookie Crew, Rocker's Revenge** and many more.

In a cross-cultural vein, "MaFoomBey/Syntanjey" by **Cultural Vibe** on East Street Records is a minimal house groove in the **Todd Terry** vein with some very 'ethnic' sounding chanting/singing overtop. This one won't tear up your dance floor but it is a different, interesting, moody kind of song.

It's probably not a coincidence that at the same time as George Clinton has a new album and tour that an old Funkadelic classic is being rereleased. **Get Off Your Ass And Jam** on Funkadelic Invasion Force is being billed as a special limited edition DJ pressing so snap yours up before it's gone because the original is very hard to come by. Finally, for something that WILL tear up your dance floor, check out "Numero Uno" by **Starlight** on Citybeat(UK) - an Italian disco thing similar to **Capella's** "Helyom Halib", though not quite as cut-up. Fast, frenetic, and jumpy with lots of neat samples, piano, East-Indian type melodies and breaks; it's easy to see why this has gone Top 5 club in the UK. Sure to be big in finer clubs here as well.

Have you ever wanted to have your own Top 5 club hit? Ever wanted to be the next **COLDCUT, MARRS, S-Express** or **Bomb the Bass**? It's not out of the question. COLDCUT's groundbreaking "Hey Kids What Time Is It?" was recorded with two turntables live to cassette. Bomb the Bass' "Beat Dis" began as a home project for a recording course and ended up a number one club hit.

The late '80's is the era of the DJ as writer, artist, producer and scores of great dance music is being made in people's own basements with minimal amounts of equipment. Next month Beat Mix investigates the cut-up record and how you can create your very own dance-floor monster in your basement. Who knows, you might even get it played on the radio....

Bye for now!

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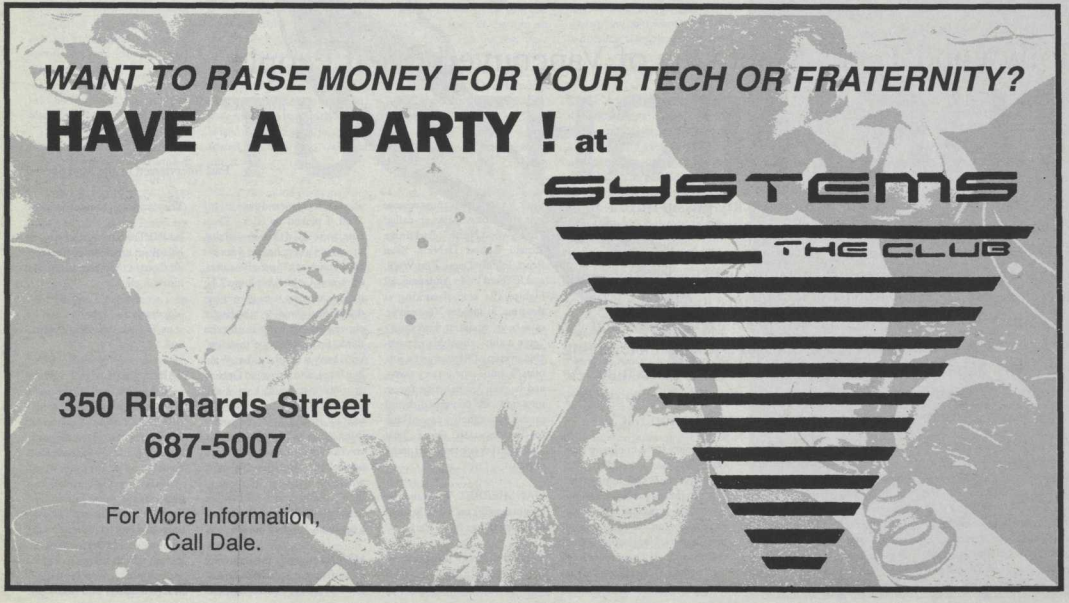

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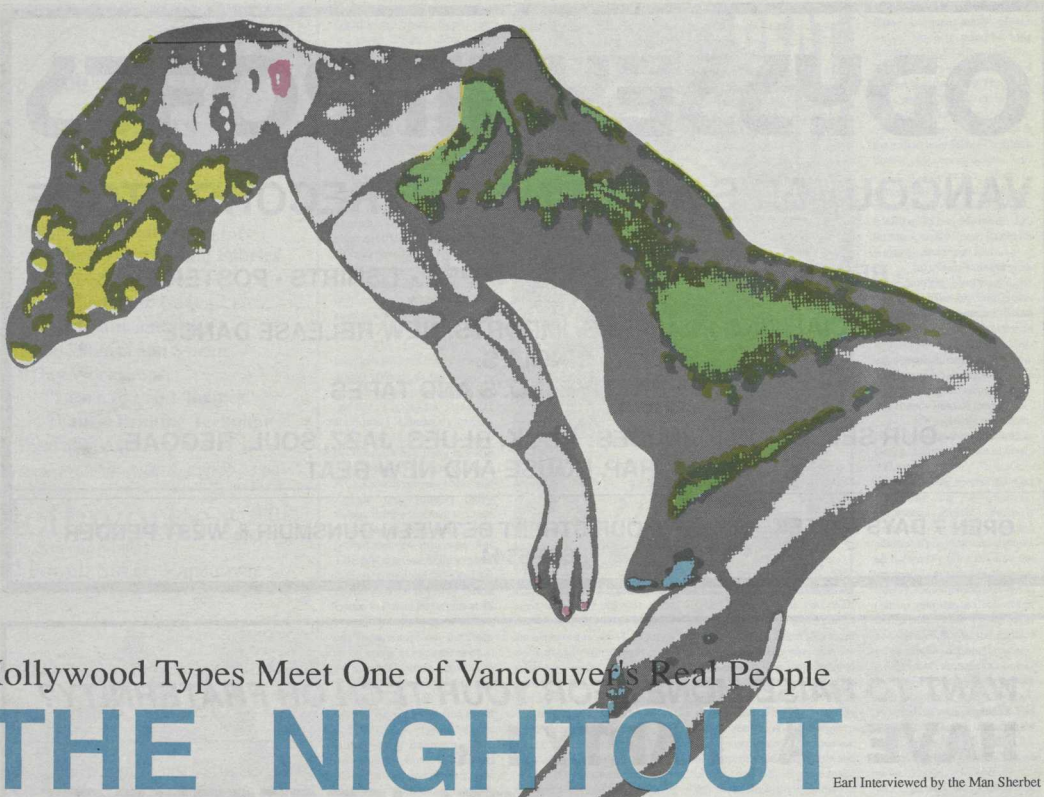


Hollywood Types Meet One of Vancouver's Real People

THE NIGHTOUT

Earl Interviewed by the Man Sherbet

The measure of a "small town" is how quickly gossip travels to all of its people. Vancouver is a rapidly growing city, yet it maintains a "smalltown-ness" in the way news and gossip seem to reach everybody's ears. Take my recent encounter with Earl, for example. Earl is a friend of a guy I used to work with on a loading dock. Once in a while I drop by my old comrade's place to play cards and get caught up on each other's lives, and old Earl is always there, sitting there with a butt in his hand, clearly with not much on his mind. As a matter of fact, I think old Earl hates my guts, so I defer to the boy lest he puts me on his quietly referred to "assassination list".

Earl is a model of what our mothers feared we all might become: the guy who smokes a lot of pot, watches a lot of "Geraldo", and won't take a job "unless it pays over 10 bucks an hour. Fuck no." At 32 years old, with no marketable job experience, a career as a self-serve gas station attendant might be a promising turn of events for Earl.

It was with some dismay then that I learned of Earl's night of nights last March. Earl must have got this gig on the rebound from the Canada Manpower job board; otherwise why would anyone hire this man to operate heavy equipment such as a passenger van? Earl worked all of two nights for a company that rents out vans and drivers for exclusive night club tours of the city. His first night sounded pretty typical, a group of squealing secretaries out on some office party night. ("I was hopin' one of them would give a hummer as a tip," says Earl). The second night is of special interest to those who think Vancouver is some remote suburb of Los Angeles, so-called "Hollywood North". Earl drove around Robert DeNiro, Sean Penn, Johnny Depp, Ken Wahl, and Richard Dean Anderson, all high-profile actors working at the time in greater Vancouver, on a boys' nightout. Earl didn't "give a shit" about his remarkable evening ("It was just a job, man."), but I saw a story there, and begged his patience for an interview. He consented once I promised to supply a case of beer for the occasion. (Note: That afternoon I drank one, Earl drank eleven.)

MAN SHERBET: You gonna be alright there? You're really sucking those things back, Earl.

EARL: I'm feelin' no pain, man. That's what it's all about, isn't it? Anyway, you want to know about MacGyver and them, right? Well, I picked up Ricky Dean first, he seemed to be organizing the whole night, he had a pocket full of loonies to tip the bouncers, ek setra. Gold "dab-loons" he called them, as if to give those dollar tips some worth. Better shoved up his nostrils, doncha think? So Rick says we're pickin' up Johnny at his place, then Wahl at a hotel, and Penn and DeNiro at some restaurant. Ken Wahl, the "WiseGuy" guy? - he just reeked of Old Spice or something when he got in the van; he smelled like a magazine. Before we picked up DeNiro and Penn it was tense in the van. These guys didn't really know each other from before. Rick and Ken talked a bit about baseball but that's it.

MS: Did anybody mention why these five got together? Someone's birthday? Somebody died? They've got the same manager?

EARL: The only thing that really held them together was that they all thought they were King Shit himself, eh.

MS: So you've got the three TV stars, and you drive to the restaurant.

EARL: That's right, yeah. I parked in front and left the motor running and Depp fuckin' around with the tape deck, and went in to tell Bobby and Sean we were waiting. So I told the host to let them know. He says wait a minute. A few seconds later he comes back out and says "follow me". So there's DeNiro and Penn sitting at the best table in the house, great view, and the host is pulling out a chair for me to sit in.

MS: (Excitedly) You're kidding.

EARL: No shit. And I'm thinking, jesus, I left the motor running. Waste of gas, eh.

MS: But you're sitting with Robert DeNiro! And Sean Penn! It must have felt like a *bit* of an honour.

EARL: Well, it was a free drink anyway. Bobby was real nice, introduced himself and Sean, and filled me in on a conversation they were having, ordered me a Heineken. Sean was talking about Bangkok, and how nice the Thai women are 'cause he'd just been there filmin' with Michael J. Fox. I told him I knew a coupla goofs who went to Burnaby Central with Fox, and Sean said they sounded just like Mike. We all had a laugh. I was just gettin' set to order another Heinie when Ricky Dean the dancin' machine came in to say they'd burned a quarter tank outside waitin' for us. (Reflective-looking pause from Earl here). D'you wanna smoke a joint?

MS: No thanks. Go ahead.

EARL: I really think Bobby was trying to pull MacGyver's cord. I don't think he liked him very much, but who am I to say? So they told me they wanted to go places where they weren't going to be bothered, but they wanted to see and meet plenty of women. I suggested they might want to start out at "the Balt", get some beer in 'em, and see some good peelers too.

MS: So the six of you actually wound up at the Cobalt Hotel?

EARL: To begin with. Eventually we ended up at the Number 5, it was blonde duos night so nobody noticed us come in. Depp and Penn actually caught one act up at gyno row. When Penn says he liked the "view" in Vancouver you know what he means, eh? (Chuckles)

MS: So you caught some strip shows. Sounds like a pretty typical boys night out, Earl.

EARL: Hold yer handle there, Sherbie, I'm not done yet. It gets more interesting. So we all decide to grab a pee before we leave the Orange, right? Penn says he's alright and asks to have the keys so he can wait in the van. MacGyver says he's alright too, which doesn't suprise 'cause he was nursing these Perriers of his. In a bit, the rest of us step out to where I was sure I parked the van and it's not there, eh. Just that second, boom! over the curb on Main there comes the van doin' about sixty mile an hour. It comes to a screeching four-point stop, and lays a wicked donut right in the middle of Powell street! It's fuckin' Penn, and ol' MacGyver's in the back just about shitting himself! I told them, Shush! 'cause the cop-shop was just around the corner. Sean apologized but says he always knew those vans had a lot of guts, which they do, but shitty mileage, eh.

MS: So where'd you get off to then?

EARL: Well, we had a tough time deciding. Depp was pushing for Graceland, DeNiro for the The Warehouse, Ricky Dean for Dick's on Dicks.

MS: So what did you decide?

EARL: Well, ol' Vinnie - Wahl? the "WiseGuy" guy? - he's getting real impatient y'know. "Fuck this, fuck that." Bobby turns around and says to him, "Look, get the fuck out." And we dropped him out just over by Stanley Park. How about that, huh?

MS: No professional respect there, I guess.

EARL: Well, he was the only married one in the group, I don't think he was looking to get humped like the rest of them. So anyways, Bobby suggests that *I* should decide, seeing that I'm the only guy really *from* Van *in* the van. Get it? Depp wasn't too happy with the idea, but I said the Metro was the only way to go if they wanted to meet girls. Ricky Dean, I think, was just plain scared. But Sean baby was right into it.

MS: In the mood for some "big hair", huh.

EARL: Or a scrap or something. So I parked the van over on Alberni Street, and scraped the shit out of the right side of the van trying parallel. Took the mirror off. We couldn't get both side doors open after that, so it was bail out the back door over the seat or sit in the van and sweat. "Earl the Pearl" they started to call me after I proved I couldn't drive worth squat. (Earl seems to lose his place here, gets up and visits the washroom.)

MS: (Continuing) So you're going to the Metro...

EARL: Yeah, you should try it some time with stars on either side of you. We walked right in, no cover, and we were told drinks were on the house. Depp says without even pausing, "Five tequila shooters." All the women in the place, I mean *all*, were drifting our way. It was like, help, I'm being surrounded by all these tight asses. Can't complain, eh? (Laughs) I had to cut myself off after a couple of shots, 'cause I was driving, and it's a good thing I did. Somebody, I think Bobby,

"So they told me they wanted to go places where they weren't going to be bothered, but they wanted to see and meet plenty of women. I suggested they might want to start out at "the Balt", get some beer in 'em, and see some good peelers too."

was talking to somebody's Old Lady, 'cause a drunk guy in spandex was starting a scene. I just walked over casually, put him in a headlock and uppercut him a few times. Only a few drinks got spilled in the process, but everybody felt it was time to move on.

MS: Kind of a trail of destruction so far, Earl.

EARL: Well, we was havin' fun, 'cept MacGyver, I guess. He drank too much tequila 'cause he was sittin' back of the van all pouty. Depp and the rest were talkin' about all these big movies they were goin' to be workin' on. Ol' Rick was real quiet on that score. Havin' real trouble fittin' in, believe it.

MS: So where'd you head to next?

EARL: Well, it was late, everbody was hungry, so we stopped at a restaurant for a few drinks and something to eat.

MS: What happened when you arrived there?

EARL: Well, Rick passed out in the back of the van so we left him there to sleep it off. It was funny watching Penn, Depp and DeNiro trying to climb over MacGyver. When we come back out later, Rick was gone; just a few loonies that fell out of his pocket, and a spot where he drooled. Maybe he made it to Dick's on Dicks after all. (Pause) There's one beer left, do you want it?

MS: No, I'm alright.

EARL: Suit yerself. (Takes it.)

MS: Did you wind down the rest of the evening in the restaurant?

EARL: Well, we might've 'cause we weren't going back to any nightclubs, basically 'cause people just wouldn't leave us alone. Then we met in the restaurant these three girls from Seattle. What happened was we asked them to sit with us over at our table. Two of them sat beside Bobby and Sean just like that - boom, boom. I knew then I didn't have a chance with either of those two. But one of them come sits between me an' Depp, so I snapped into a conversation with her about what she thought about Vancouver. I figured if I distracted her she might not notice the guy from Jump Street.

MS: Sounds like a good stratagy to me, Earl. What happened?

EARL: Well, the girls said they knew about a party back at their hotel. I of course drove all of us back there. On the way one of the girls mentioned what room the party was at. I thought, great, this could be fun. Party a bit, then check out their suite, eh. (Winks at me) But when I pulled up to front, Depp says, "Well, thanks a lot, Earl. We won't be needin' you anymore tonight." That fuckin' guy, eh. He's just takin' off with the girl I had my eyes on. I wasn't goin' to let him make a jerk outta me. So I waited about 10 minutes or so, then phoned security from the lobby, saying I was staying next door to the party and couldn't sleep from the noise.

MS: You showed 'em.

EARL: I was just pullin' out the driveway when I heard Bobby and Sean banging on the side of the van. They said, "Great, yer still here...the party got broke up." I told 'em, get in, they knew how. I drove 'em to their hotel and that was it for me - period. I got fired when they saw the van, eh. (Chuckles)

MS: Dare I ask, what happened to Johnny Depp that night?

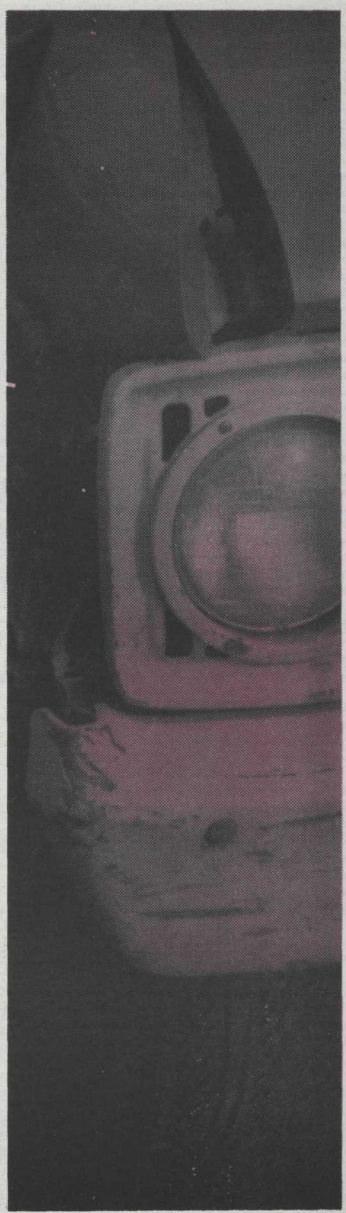
EARL: Well, it was in The Province the next morning. He kneed some security guard in the nuts, didn't he. *And* called us Canadians "Moosehead-drinkers and hockey players." It's like, *go home*, John-Boy.

MS: How do you suppose he got that impression?

EARL: 'Dunno.

MS: Earl, what would you say to other big stars who wanted to work in Vancouver?

EARL: Gimme a call. I know how to party "Vancouver-style".



Hey gang, welcome to the Rag Bag, a column devoted to the wacky world of fashion. This month I visited The Dutchman Tattoos, way out in New Westminster, to get - you guessed it - a tattoo. Obviously I wanted this job done right and The Dutchman, tattooist to rock gods and peons alike, has the best reputation around. I entered the small, noisy shop with firm resolve and a quaking heart, pushing my way past big bikers, big mothers and a gaggle of children. The Dutchman led me to the back, past the prints of naked tattooed Japanese women and the sign that says "No one allowed in the back unless you are being tattooed". Ulp. I sat in a barber-like chair and waited while the Master prepared his tools. In the other chair, a youth gazed impassively into space, his left arm being worked on by the impressively and colourfully tattooed Vince. BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ went the needle as it pierced the skin. BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ. Please God, don't make me cry in front of these men.

Betty: So, uh, is this going to hurt quite a lot?

Dutchman: Naw.

B: My grandpa has tons of tattoos and my dad has a tattoo, so I feel like it's sort of in the family.

D: Then you should definitely have one. So where do you want it, first of all? (I point to my leg, near the ankle and he presses a carbon copy outline of the tattoo onto my skin.) You really like lizards, eh? There you go... Go have a look in the mirror. Do the strut; gotta do that. What's on is on.

B: I guess that's true. Of course you think about that but you just can't think about FOREVER.

D: Well it is forever, there's no doubt about it.

B: Do you ever have people come back going, "I really made this big mistake!"

D: Yeah, that's Vince's job. He gets the Black & Decker sander and sands them down.

B: How many needles do you have, tons?

D: Oh yeah.

B: And how big is the biggest one?

D: It's a cluster. It's like done in groupings; you got small ones, big ones. Like when you do a big paint job, you have a big paint brush.

B: What's the biggest tattoo you've ever done?

D: The biggest tattoo was on a bus driver who was married to a Japanese lady and I did a back piece on him: quarter panels, ribs, and from the knees up.

B: Wow! How long did that take?

D: Oh, I think it got in at around 120 hours.

B: Do you like doing big things better?

D: I like doing all kinds of tattos, as long as they're tasteful and interesting to do...

Vince: Except for lizards! (laughs) Just kiddin' ya.

D: Have you heard of a lady called Christine the Colourful? She's the most tattooed woman in the world. She lives here in Vancouver. You missed her by—

V: One week.

D: By one week. She works here on Saturdays. Unfortunately, she was feeling sick today, but you should come by and maybe check her out. She's really nice to talk to and she's really into lizards.

V: Really. She's got a lot of 'em.

D: Her body is solid tattooed from the neck down, even some on her head. Really nice woman, down to her toes. And on her upper half, she's getting black tribal tattoos done on TOP of her old tattoos now, like a second coat. So I just did a big lizard... I always try to strive for individuality, so you have something nobody else has.

B: Has there ever been someone who's come in and you've said, "No, I don't want to do that"?

D: I don't do it.

B: What would that be?

D: We don't do no satanic kind of tattooing or anything that we feel that person doesn't understand or might really regret when he's older. I like putting tattoos on that have a positive feel to them.

B: Do you have any tattoos?

D: Oh, I've got a few... see... they start here...

B: Oh yeah! They're just all hidden under your shirt!

D: ...and onto the chest.

B: Who did those ones for you?

D: A tattoo artist in San Francisco, my mentor... Ed Hardy...
(The conversation switches to Motley Crue.)

V: Yeah, I seen them in their video, they were showin' their tattoos a lot; Tommy Lee especially, eh, he's loaded man...But Nikki Sixx has got one totally cleaved on his chest.

D: They're by far not my favorite band.

V: Naw, mine neither.... Vince Neil, the first day they walked in here—I'm not a Motley Crue fan right—walked in and said "I'm from Motley Crue." "Hey, you're the drummer aren't ya," I said to Vince, eh. "No man, I'm the singer!" I felt stupid but I don't listen to them that much eh... It's even got a tattoo design on the cover of the album...batwings with a dagger and snake or something.

D: I didn't do that one. I did his wife sliding down the slippery pole on the inside of his arm (laughs). Yeah. So now I'll interview you: how does it feel?

B: Good.

D: Good?!

B: Well, it hurts a bit, but not too terrible. It's so weird: you always get these conflicting reports on how much tattoos hurt, it's supposed to be really painful.. Do people ever cry when they're getting tattooed?

D: Very seldom. When they do cry, it's mainly their emotions.

B: Do you often get people that are kind of drunk coming in here?

D: No. We don't tattoo anybody here that is loaded. I'm being accused of being too anti-druggish. I preach to a lot of people about it because I hate drugs... It's a real drag. I've known friends that have died and it's just such a bummer.

B: Do you get a lot of questions like, "Am I gonna get AIDS from getting a tattoo?"

D: Yeah, and I think it's great. I think everybody should ask and look around and make sure things are clean.

B: How many times do you use each needle?

D: We might use it 3 or 4 times. There's a sterilization process in between though, needless to say. . .

B: How many people do you tattoo in an average day?

D: Well I work Saturday and Tuesday in this shop; the rest of the time I'm at another studio. There I do more bigger work, more elaborate type of work, and portraits and all that sort of stuff. People come in, book the whole day; 4 or 5 hours.

B: How long have you been tattooing?

D: I've tattooed now since 1978.

B: And how did you know it was your calling?

D: Well, I didn't know that. I actually anticipated on becoming an art teacher and teach children art. But they didn't wanna give me any credit for my time already spent in art school as a graphic artist. And I've more or less always been interested in tattooing as an art form, knowing that it could be pushed further a lot more than what's happening now... Up to today, there's been a real big move in tattooing, like for the better; a lot of good artists are getting into tattooing. A lot of nice pieces are coming out.

B: But you still do a lot of skulls and stuff like that?

D: No, it's amazing: a lot of people come in and have some very original ideas about tattooing. Really original stuff. I think a lot too is the bands that are exposing tattoos. People are a lot more freer; they feel freer to express themselves. They are not really worried about what other people are going to say; it's nice.

B: Do you think there's still that major stigma that if you have a tattoo you're kind of cheap or weird or something?

D: Naw, it's losing it. Tattooing has been around for such a long time, I'm glad that it's becoming more acceptible, although the AIDS is really scaring a lot of people away.

B: How do you get trained to be a tattooist?

D: Well, first of all, I'd say you should have a good grasp of art in general, right, and then it would be very important to study under a good tattoo artist to really learn the technique. And a lot of motivation. I've worked for a couple of tattoo artists and picked up different things, plus I've travelled quite a bit and learned a lot from that... I've been to Thailand and New Zealand and I'm gonna be going to the Phillipines in December and I'm gonna go up in the hills and meet some of the people of the tribes that are solidly tattooed.

B: You don't do animals, right?

D: No, I don't do animals. Tattooing is common with veterinarians; they put numbers on the ears or on the stomach... Some people have their dogs' noses tattooed black.

B: That's kind of weird.

D: Well, yeah, but a dog that's really a big dog champion, you want to make sure that his nose is black. If he has a little white spot on it—

V: Loses points, that's right.

D: Loses points. So they put the dog out and just tattoo the spot black.

V: Yeah, white spots on the nose are no good eh in a dog show.

D: No, I wouldn't wanna have a dog with white spots (laughs).

V: Put it out eh... except maybe if it's a Rotweiller or something (laughs).

B: Do you see a lot of repeat customers in here?

D: Yeah, I've got people... Actually I've been tattooing people from all walks of life, different styles, everything from black and gray to realistic portraits to doing really big black work. I really enjoy doing this kind of tattooing right now, what I'm doing on you. I really like doing tribal tattooing.

B: Do you think it's true that it gets addictive?

D: Well, people get tattoos for different reasons. Some people have little things happening with other friends that have more so they get more or...I don't know, a lot of different reasons. For some people, it enchances their sexuality... they feel like they're, you know, it makes them more masculine or feminine. Or it might give the old boy a thrill; everything else has been tried, eh Vince (laughs).

V: Yeah!

D: And to some people it has a deep spiritual meaning. Some people, it is because they had old tattoos and always been very much ashamed of it so they have it covered up with a nice design. And some people are like collectors, they're really into it; they like to get a little piece from everybody.

B: What do you think about that skin museum in Japan?

D: I was over there; that was me. I'm the assistant there, Dr. Fukushi's assistant, don't forget that (laughs, referring to a photo in RE/Search, mistakenly identifying him as an assistant at the Anatomy Museum at the University of Tokyo where over 100 preserved skins are on display). Slappin' the skins around there...

B: So is that a cool thing, to know that this was once someone's body?

D: Well, the thing is, OK, first of all, you got to understand, Dr. Fukushi, he was like a pathologist and also a professor on the pigmentation of the skin, and Dr. Fukushi did like many, many different studies about moles, all kinds of stuff like that, and also collected skins of people that had donated their body, you know, to science for research and when he died, his son followed in his footsteps and carried on the same work. The museum itself, it's a real trippy museum; it's wild. It looks like an old English kind of building that's been transplanted in Japan and it is just unbelievable. All the stuff they have in there, people's heads in bottles... If there weren't Japanese in there, you'd have thought you were in a Peter Cushing movie. I was there for an afternoon by myself. And it's actually neat that some of these pieces have been preserved for future people to look at.

B: Do girls you tattoo fall in love with you like girls fall in love with their doctors?

D: Yeah, we've had that problem.

V: A couple of times... More like we fall in love with them! (laughs)

D: No, we try and keep it as business-like as possible. No, there's nothin' like that.

V: We're married, both of us.

B: And do your wives have tattoos?

D: Yeah, Vince's wife has one.

V: My wife has one.

D: My ex has.

B: But your present doesn't?

D: No, she wants me to do some tattoo work on her but that'll take a little while for me to take a look and see what we can do.

B: Is it weirder when you're doing someone that you actually know?

D: Yeah, it is. I can speak for myself, I don't know about Vince or somebody else—

V: Uh, yeah, it's different.

D: I feel more comfortable if somebody else would do it... I always see improvement in my work, unless it is a piece that's very straight-forward.

B: What's the weirdest tattoo you ever did?

D: The weirdest tattoo... Well, I don't do any tattooing on the genitals... I've tattooed women along the side there, but I don't tattoo men's...

V: We had a guy phone and ask for it the other day again. "I wanna get tattooed in a *Very Personal Place*." I said, "Where do you want it, buddy?" "On the side of my shaft." (laughs) I said, "Not this shop, buddy."

D: No, we don't do that. Weird tattoos. . . it's hard to say. What is weird? What is weird to somebody might not be weird to another person, right?

B: I guess you just have to decide on a personal level.

D: Yeah, I would say that's pretty personal. Let's see what we have here... (He cleans off all the ink and blood.)

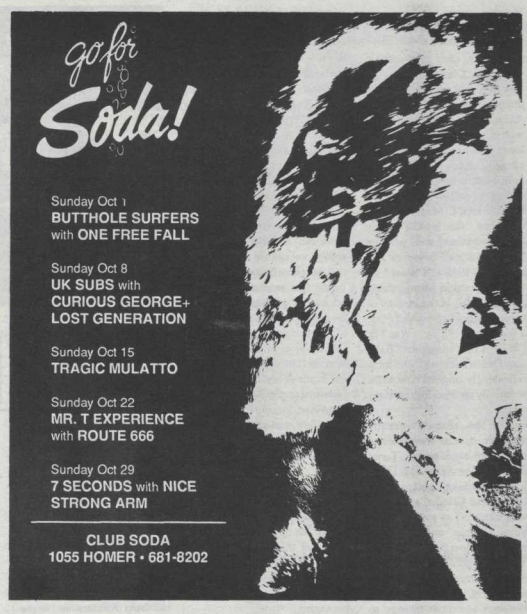
B: Has anyone ever said "O, that looks terrible!", after you've just finished it?

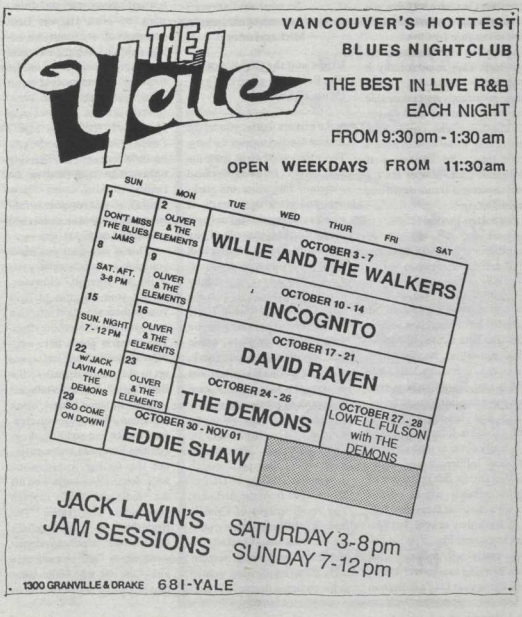
D: Well, no, not really. I've heard of stories that said so from some other people... Have a look in the mirror, tell me what you think.

(I look in the mirror. It looks great.)

B: I think it looks great.

D: I think so too.





Hoodoo Gurus
Magnum Cum Louder
(RCA)

On their new album "Magnum Cum Louder", the Hoodoos stick with the formula that produced "Blow Your Cool". As a result, we are presented with another collection of good tunes, if not a great album. The album has it's write-offs but, for the most part, the songs are catchy enough to make you forget the few that aren't. Magnum's first two cuts, the leadoff single "Come Anytime" and "Another World", have all the spunk and melody of 1983's "I Want You Back". Another strong track, "Shadow Me", is reminiscent of the soul-baring honesty that made a standout of 1987's "I Was The One". A nice surprise is "Baby Can Dance", probably the most refreshingly original tune to be written by the Hoodoos in many years.

The album's strength, however, is in its abundance of pure rough-edged energy. Tunes like "All the Way", "I Don't Know Anything", and, particularly, "Axe Grinder", can rock your block off as well as "Like Wow-Wipeout" ever did. And while "Glamourpuss", "Where's That Hit" and a few others lack the originality and the catchy riffs of the rest of the album, the Hoodoos somehow manage to play them in such a way that you have to make a conscious effort not to tap your feet.

The Hoodoo Gurus are not deep. They're not socially or politically conscious. And they're certainly not remarkable lyricists. What they are is a good, honest band who consistently prove they know how to have a cool time. So who cares if Magnum Cum Louder isn't a masterpiece; it'll sure do till one comes along.

Dru Pavlov

Camper Van Beethoven
Key Lime Pie
(Virgin)

Unfortunately all of the good pastry allusions are used up (wasted I would say) on Mary's Danish. This is okay though, I don't need them, because it suffices to say that this Key Lime Pie is a mighty fine album even for those that don't enjoy fruity, flaky, half - baked goods. From the off kilter liner notes to the stark arty cover to the myriad of musical influences and styles hidden within, this collection of tunes certainly would be this judge's choice at the county fair.

"I know they're cool, but who do they sound like ?" What can you really tell someone that you're trying to convert? Okay, you know your Dad's collection of world music from the Arabian and Eastern European countries, take that and mix it with your sister's ska collection from the early 80's. Now then, imagine that with a little bit of psychedelic Pink Floyd and a few chunky Zeppelin riffs coupled with a lot o' fiddle playing. Finally front all that with a singer that can't, and you have the mystical, magical Camper Van sound. It actually works quite well.

It is a rare band that can poke fun at their own underground subculture (if CVB can still be classified as such, this being their second major label release). They batter the typical love ballad with their own brand of psychedelic absurdity on All Her Favorite Fruit. On When I Win the Lottery, they prove they are much better than the Dead Milkmen at describing Middle - American pathos. Camper Van also show they can get downright Beatlesque (circa Sgt. Pepper), on Pictures of Matchstick Men.

Far be it for these guys to rip you off with a nine or ten track album, there are fourteen nuggets o' fun on this album. So if you're of the home taping nature, don't count on getting it all on one 45 minute side. Also count yourself out of getting the fun packaging.

So what am I saying ? Grab this pie while it's fresh !

Michael Leduc

Crime and the City Solution
The Brideship
(Mute Records)

She cancelled again... and to make matters worse, you let the Ichiban noodles simmer too long. The pale , cold light from the flourescent fixture overhead somehow intensifies the starkness and bleak consistency of another evening alone. You begin to feel a serious bout of self pity coming on. You lie on your bed, listen to the rain splatter against the window and stare wistfully into the blankness of the ceiling above. Sensing the lack of a fully self indulgent environment, you decide what is needed is music that will sustain your misery, music so devoid of contentment or happiness that you will have no chance of recovery tonight.

You remember the album you bought, "The Brideship" by Crime and the City Solution, and memories of their performance in Wenders' "Wings of Desire" are dredged from the darkness. You recall images of Crime's lead singer, Simon Bonney, pulling back his sweat soaked hair and throwing himself despairingly at the feet of young women in the audience during "Six Bell

Chime". His person exudes truckloads of angst, bucketfulls of depravity. You were so impressed that you bought the album the next week.

When you drop the needle on the record, you instantly notice similarities between Crime and fellow Mute (the label for heroin addicts) labelmates, Nick Cave And the Badseeds. Both bands share guitarists from Einsturzene Neubauten and sparse, staccatto drumming by Nick Harvey. Both groups excel at creating brooding, rambling minimalist sound seemingly concieved in one of those endless, murky, cold-sweat dreams that mirror your unresolved anxieties. The thumping chords of "Dangling Man", Bronwyn Adam's mournful violin on "Keepsake", and haunting refrains like "...in paradise the family is king.." on "New World", all mix together to fabricate a tapestry of bleakness and unresolved desire.

This is just what you need, you think, and subconciously you smile to yourself. However, despite your attempts to fight your pathetically short attention span, you soon become restless. The album is good.. but.. well, "The Brideship" just isn't quite up to the standard set by "Six Bell Chime". You try to imagine yourself in some barren, black peformance hall thick with cigarette smoke and nodding, drug-numbed European artiste types, but the feeling is just not... well..desperate enough. You lift the needle and shuffle through your tapes. You realize "The Brideship" is a wonderfully angsty album, but when you want someone to "tell you about a girl" - the one who walks barefoot across the floor in the room above you - Nick Cave is just the guy to tell you a little story.

James Boldt

Curious George
Children of a Common Mother
(Nemesis Records)

In the true punk rock tradition, these eleven songs are hard and fast, with very short spaces between them. Also in the true punk rock tradition, Curious George use lyrics to grind some axes. Under attack here are: Pit-Bull-mania, people who use rock and roll as a scapegoat (especially those who like to play records backwards), guys who'll do anything to get laid, Nazi-skinheads, the reappearance of disco, Socreds, carfiends, and more. But never fear, the words don't get in the way of the music—hard-biting guitars and good clean noise from the band who plays the most memorable cover version of "Walk Like An Egyptian."

Curious George stay mainly on local ground, mentioning the Luv-A-Fair in two songs and getting pretty specific about who's in whose bed in BC politics. And they do have a devoted following here in their hometown—deservedly even if it were only for the fact that they are (or maybe this is only my imagination) the only punk rock band in Vancouver that's mostly under-thirty. And they've got devoted friends, too—close pal Dave Gregg plays lead guitar on "Punks Go Camping," just in case the band needs any more of that famous punk credibility. (Singer Ian Verchere also races mountain bikes, and frequently appears onstage waving appendages in various kinds of casts.)

My favourite song is "(It's the) Seventies Again," which has more melody than the rest, but you can still slam to, if you want. And besides, the sentiments are hard to argue with - Ian V. singing "Bring back the '60s OK/ But the '70s had nothing to say." (I'm assuming here we're talking about the BeeGees and not Stiff Little Fingers....)

A tastily disgusting cover, an insert with lyrics and loads of photos, and a label that tells you "music is killing home taping" round out this appealing punk package.

Janis McKenzie

Tar Babies
Honey Bubble
(SST)

Check it out, homeboy. It's Friday night and the bros are coming over to party. You're tired of the stale vinyl sitting in your record collection and you need something guaranteed to down your miserable next door neighbors. You need something on the turntable that's going to relax those kaboom box speakers and create some serious stomping. You need some get-down-honky-whiteboy-funk. What'cha gonna do about it?

The solution is to acquire the new Tar Babies' album, Honey Bubble. Like the Chili Peppers, the Tar Babies have managed to capture the black roots of their music, throw it into a blender and produce frantic, funky dance music. The best feature is Steve Lewis' furious thumb-slapping bass which propels the band through songs like "Rockhead", "Bimbos & Idiots" and "Joyride". And despite the fact that they sometimes meander off onto tangents of obscure sonic jazz, a liberal sprinkling of sax and trumpet keep it moving. One word of warning: if you buy this record, don't stand up in a canoe.

Terry Orr

The The
Mind Bomb
(CBS)

Matt Johnson's lyrical and vocal ferocity has alienated much of the audience which was drawn to him by 1983's pop oriented "Soul Mining" lp. The 1986 release "Infected" saw Johnson begin to expose the bare bones of his troubled and angry mind. The result was a highly original and powerful album wherein Johnson painted a violent portrait of himself as "just another western guy with desires that couldn't be satisfied". The raw power of the music, lyrics and vocal style was not for the faint of heart and subsequently The The attracted a large yet isolated cult following. This year's Mind Bomb continues the themes of Infected, but, lyrically, Johnson deals more with society as a whole than personal catharsis.

On this album, The The has been extended into a complete band. Formerly, he played almost all the instruments himself. A tight rhythm section pushed by James Eller's bass lets former Smiths' guitarist Johnny Marr have great melodic freedom which he uses to highlight Johnson's powerful, raspy voice. Johnson's truthful social philosophies abound on the first side. In "Violence of Truth" he talks of the world's religions as "the forces of darkness which have suppressed the spirit of man". Although Johnson attacks the hypocrisy of modern society, he is not a self-righteous idealist. On side two, he relates how his own pride and greed have destroyed the very things he has loved and worked for. The album ends with the beautiful "Beyond Love", a cry of hope for perfect love which appears to be far beyond the capabilities of humans. The review in the pathetically yuppie Rolling Stone said the album contains too much philosophical intensity, which is exactly why anyone interested in powerful, meaningful music should buy this album.

Gene Derreth

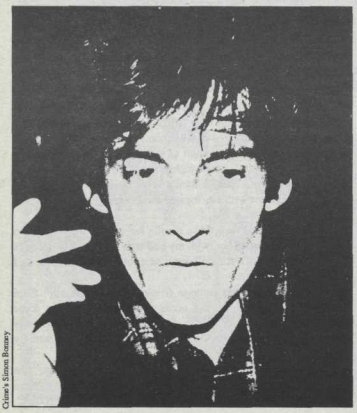
The Darling Buds
Pop Said
(Columbia)

The Smiths have been the single most influential British band since the Sex Pistols. When they split, they left in their wake dozens of jangly guitar bands who struggled to recreate the humour, anguish and delectable pop the Smiths came up with effortlessly. Of course, most of them failed miserably, filling the independent music charts with stagnant, uninteresting 'Smiths tributes' and other guitar pop. Many British music fans then turned to the exciting new sounds of rap, hip-hop and techno-dance music coming out of the States to counter this boring state of affairs. This created quite a split amongst British listeners. Romantic, sensitive ex-Smiths fans, apalled by rap's brutality, simlply closed their ears and wallowed in the likes of James, The Wonder Stuff and the Primitives, while desperately waiting for Morrissey's new single. On the other side, a new movement sprang up, heavily infuenced by American hip-hop but still inherently British—the grebo rock of Pop Will Eat Itself, the noise dance of Meat Beat Manifesto, clever cut-ups of Coldcut and the white funk sample hybrids of Age of Chance

and Nasty Rox Inc. As this movement became more innovative, challenging American dominance, the pop bands lapsed further into the realms of safe, unit-shifting material, trendy images, appearances on childrens T.V., and finding major labels who had lots of cash for bands plying the tried and tested college trade.

Basically, it is the latter approach that The Darling Buds have taken. The result is an entirely inoffensive band which fails to make any impression throughout the twelve songs on this album. The image is right: a blond female singer happily chirps throwaway lyrics over absolutely bland pop riffs in songs with titles like "She's Not Crying", "When It Feels Good" and "Things We Do For Love". Everything about this record is so stupefyingly dull and cliche ridden that it's virtually a parody. So, what's it doing in the CiTR playlist? I often think that, over here, too much time is given to too many mediocre (and just plain bad) groups simply because they are supposed to be "the next big thing from England." Record company marketing men were quick to pick up on the fact that, for many sections of the music buying public, fashion is it, and a trendy new "alternative" band from England has a ready-made audience in colleges and universities throughout North America. Knowing this, they continually assault us with substandard corporate product like The Darling Buds. Such bands will never achieve any lasting fame because they are dead; killed by insisting on gazing backward instead of looking to the future.

Peter Lutwyche



Crime's Simon Bonney

Mary's Danish
there goes the wondertruck...
(Chameleon Records)

From the land of jaded movie stars and shattered dreams of big screen fame comes yet another band hoping to break into the big time. This seven piece outfit features not one, but two talented female vocalists. Despite the uncanny resemblance to another great California band, X (vocally at least), the addition of a funky rhythm section and totally rockin' bluegrass-style guitars make this danish much more appetizing than your usual breakfast fare.

When I saw this band opening up for the Red Hot Chili Peppers on Sept 8th, I was mightily impressed. They were loud, engaging and danceable. No matter how I feel about a record, more often than not it is the live performance that can convince me of the merits of a band. Mary's Danish had the early birds at the Commodore on their feet and dancing. For the most part, the band translated well to record. However, the record does reveal a minor lack of substance that should be remedied once the band's line up becomes solidified. (This recording is essentially a collection of demos quickly compiled when it was realized the band would soon be a hot property. The five guest musicians were actually former members of the band that somehow disappeared along the way.)

After being forced to ingest the usual greasy bacon and eggs style music, so often served up as exciting or new, it is nice to have a little bit of something light and flaky for a change of pace. Of course, Mary's Danish isn't really doing any thing new, just mixing familiar ingredients and baking them up into a tasty little concoction that surprises the world weary palate. However, sadly, this record, like the taste of all fine pastries, soon dissolves and leaves one hungry for something more substantial.

Michael Leduc

SomeCanadian
Industrialism...and other-
stuff...

Welcome to the realm of music, let's call it Experimental-Industrial-ism, which is almost totally undocumented and ignored. This review examines four cassettes: ZOI's "Rivals of Medusa", Bitter Harvest's "Bitter Harvest (1-3)", Group 49's "Electrical Storm", and Haemorrhage Cassettes' "Spring 1989 Sampler".

Most of the eleven songs on the Rivals of Medusa compilation have an industrial, minimalist, dirgy feel to them. However, this cassette is not targeted at one audience. With a rough hip-hop piece, some almost normal guitar songs and lots of experimentation, most people will find something they'll like.

To my ears, "Lust" by The Whaleburgers is the only song on side one that really stands out. Beginning with a stupid portion of a T.V. show and a stupid conversation, it then cuts into a drum machine combined with an ultra-catchy synth riff. The minor variations in the synth line and the minimalism of the song make the track work. There isn't much to listen to so you can enjoy it. On side two, Lungfish also make use of a drum machine on "John Wayne Gacy", alternating between slow and fast rhythms with fuzz guitar following along. Metallic happenings injected into the mix fill the void created by the lack of vocals. Techniques Berlin have a good sound as demonstrated in their contribution to the cassette, Machine Language.

Hailing from Dartmouth Nova Scotia, Bitter Harvest (Scott Righteous and Jody Cairns), usually fuse bits from television and radio shows, with electronic and real drums, samples, synths, guitars, or whatever the song calls for. They have a great sense of how to make a song, as proven by side two of their cassette "Bitter Harvest (1-3)", a compilation of their best work. Side one is a bit of contrast. The whole 45 minutes goes under one name, "A Little Night", split into three parts. It is frightening when played loudly in the dark. Back to side two, their Charles Manson-induced cover of "Blackbird" is an obvious instant hit and indeed their first "hit" back east. It is followed by hit number two, "Catcher in the Rye", the story of Mark Chapman as told by Mark Chapman (John Lennon's killer), backed by music of course. Quite gripping. The best composition is "Never Blame the Music", which features an interview with Charles Manson.

Yes, and now for a review of the cassette, "An Electrical Storm", by the notorious local combo of metal mashers, reverb abusers, tape manipulators, industrialists extrordinaire. This Group 49 work opens with the band's "one big attempt at a pop song". "Yuppy Mindfuck". "Hey Now" has quite a groove and could be a dance hit in the hands of the wrong producer. Another outstanding bit goes by the name "Coughing Birds!". It features piercing screams and very just-like-you're-there metallic collisions. There are a lot of good rumblings and bass playing and synth melding and effects. The songs run into each other so it's hard to tell which is which difficult, but if you're listening just to hear the music then it's great.

The Haemorrhage Cassettes sampler is a compilation of noisy bands from southern Ontario ranging from the melodic, to the very harsh with lots of white noise, to the rude and disgusting. The bands: Castration Without Anaesthesia, A Very Persistent Dwarf, Restless Natives, The Hand Men, and Richard Feren, fit together very well and all seem to be 4-track abusers. Chaos reigns over most of this cassette. Most lyrics are deliberately obscured and mangled, either because they aren't any good or because they're merely keeping with the theme of chaos. For people who like hard-on-the-ears sonic abuse, this will please.

And for those who want further information, here are some addresses:

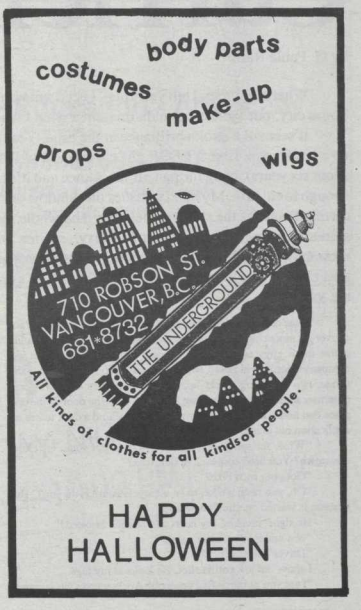
ZOI
34 Parker Street
St. Catherines, Ont.
Canada
L2S 1C5

Bitter Harvest
104 Amaranth Cres.
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia
Canada
B2W 4B9

Group 49
1440 Sandhurst Place
West Vancouver, B.C.
Canada
V7S 2P3

Haemorrhage Cassettes
P.O. Box 1504
Guelph, Ont.
Canada
N1H 6N9

A. Pi S.



Currier Broad

by G. Paula Raffe

What a summer, I tell ya, brutal. I need a month with my hams in the air and everybody outta my case. Stress city, but I guess I coulda imagined what I was gettin' into.

It seemed a stroka brilliance at the time. Yeah, the flamin' high point of a dull April night. I picked up a hot frypan. Like YEOW! ain't you heard of fuckin' pot-holders (I only been cooking with the thing about six years), bong the pan off Ida's knee and it's curry and eggs all over the lino, which ain't quite clean enough to eat offa. My hand smashes the window on the follow-through so a pint of AIDs-free blood (clinic certified) sauces the stuff on the floor. The whole mess makes me wanna just spit but suddenlike Zen inspiriation arrows up my cranium: "Curry...currier... that's it! My fiscal woes is beat!" Ka-pow we kick the mess under the table, wrap my spoutin' knucks in a handy jog-bra and head for supper at wholesomesville, stud ranch o' the monster ratatouille. Ida, doll, it's on me. I guess it was kozmic, 'cause the knucks got me the job.

I was downtown next morning, fulla pep and Listerene. Vancouver got more courier companies than Imelda's bunions, so I hadda collar these guys as they rode by and grill 'em. Turns out six companies don't need riders, two pay lessen stuffing bigmac into the ozone, two are going pricks-up, one musta had its office under a dumpster somewhere, but by four o'clock I'm in the door of the one place that needs a rider. The pimply jackass behind a desk tosses an application out at me.

"What, fer spud sake, I need PhDs to trot some envelope crosstown? You need someone or don'tcha?"

"Got your own bike?"

"Oh, you need a bike, to be a bicycle courier, do you?" But sarcasm is wasted on this Tubeworm.

He sighs, breakin' my heart. "Ever been arrested?"

"Not under my present name."

"Driver's license?"

I show 'im my gorilla shot. He looks at my legs.

"I see you're thirty-five years old. Are you up to the demands of this job?"

"Yeah, so you never seen cellulite before, or what? I do twice the work of a seventeen-and-a-half-year-old. Besides, see these knucks? Them's the teeth-prints of the last joker that tested constitutional equality outside the courts o' the land. Now GIMME that shoulder bag. I'll see ya tomorrow."

Then it's a simple matter of pryin' off the knobbies for a coupla new fatboy slicks, chip off a few kilos of petrified VEL mud, dash some Exxon yuck on the chain, step outta the phonebooth and, ta-dah, up in the sky, it's Currier Broad!

Well, it wasn't all that smooth. Next morning I sat around for an hour on Granville, thinkin', muss be a slow day, before I realize I haven't got the walkie-talkie turn up loud enough to hear.

Downfall two, forgot in the flush of initial spin, is that I know this city like I know Mulroney's scrotum: I can find my way around, but it takes a lot o' groping. When a call come in - "twenty-third floor of Centennial building"-by the time I cross-reference the cityguide, find the page, figure out how to get there from here (lessee, the mountains is general north...) and has arriven, the package coulda got to Mongolia by dog-post. Kinda hard on the ego to ask a thirteen-year-old is the Beat-all Centre round here, and he points out the thirty-story building behind you and says "Bentall Centre, you mean, lady?"

But hell, Ida bucks me up. "Just lookit yer legs," she says, when I get home. "Juz lookit that dirt!"

I rake in about $42 my first week - Ida, doan quit the Safeway jus yet. But eventuallike, I worm my way into it, learn the ropes, get lucky on my timing. Meantime I bone up on saddle style: bein raised a good li'l citizen (ie. blue-ribbon suck) I got in the habit of stopping at red lights, ridin' with the traffic, and showin' deference to little old men on street corners. Uh-uh. Noway. It's fast on them irrascible streets. Ma, you gotta keep yer bars in yer paws an yer wits in yer tits. With the helpa creative visualization, an some bio-fedback beta-blocking (Ida's nuts on all this crap) I was soon swervin' with the finest of disregard fer life or limb - mine or anyone else's.

Course this led to the odd protest from over-reactin' folks who don't realize an ATB is more manoeuverable than Michael Jackson from the waist down. One fella - after I ride off the sidewalk tween two parked cars, jet across three lanes o' heavy traffic, jump the other curb, an sucessfully slalom a convention o' blind pregnant octogenarians - leans outta the window of his primo expensive penis-mobile to make sure I no scratch his paint. "Wassamatta, asshole?!" he yell, "Learn how ta ride! You ON THE RAG or something?" and drive away. He obvious mever saw no ATB on high-pressure slicks wit sixty kilo mad-ass dame hit the afterburner, cause I was off the curb and on his case before the echo cleared. At the next light I had his tie in my fist before he got his window half rolled up. He sure looked funny with his face mashed up against the glass like that, and had amusing comments to share, once he stopped gaggin'. It was worth the bruises.

Truly satisfyingly rudeness like that don't pass your way often, so you got to kind of savour it when you can. Comes with maturity.

Yeah, them was the salad days, but it was bound to fizz. City hall tip-toed through like Godzilla, so we all had to take a test an get our licence plates an pretend to be good citizens til everbody calmed down. It took the psycho edge off the job, but that was jus as well. Ida was beginning to wonder about the cuts and bruises. "Just lookit yer legs," she'd yell, hysterical. "Wazzit the dogpack again?"

Then hiyosilver was ripped off: holy apoplexy, batman! I had her painted Rustoleum brown, sorta the shade of tomato diarrhea, to forestall just such eventuality, but some lowlife slug-sucking limpdick weinerbender stole 'er from right out front the dispatch office.

The boys left me choke for twenty minutes before they 'fessed up and hauled my bike outta the dumpster haw yuk. To show no hard feeling Ida mixed em up Ex-lax Nanaimo bars the next week.

The boys was mostly ok, help each other out, except for one macho type. "Hey Riff," he say, reachin for his crotch, "scare easy? Tubeworm's outa the office and we're all alone."

"Lissen, stud monkey, ya doan impress me. I seen you slip the Bavarian inta yer shorts."

Ida gimme a spray cana mace when I told her.

By July I was main pence, close to $500 a week. Legs was holdin out good, attitude dented but unraped. But there's only so much trottin' round million-dollar cashier's cheques in the drillin' sun with the sewage from six dozen cars up yer nose, before you start thinkin weak-ass philosophical stuff about yer purpose on earth. I needed, in other words, a break.

'Bout then, Ida talked me into a Sunday bike in the Endowment Lands. She's a timid rider (I like er for that) so I stayed with slicks stead of puttin the knobbies back on. Major tactical error - slicks have about as much pull on mud as ethics on Socreds. I ended up chasin' a bunch o' testosterone junkies, and flyin' through the air on a hairpin drop down to Spanish Banks. When the smoke cleared, I was wrapped round a tree with a dislocated shoulder. The bike was ok, but Ida puked.

Doc said no biking for a month, but after a week I was so fuckdub I arm-wrestled her, with my bad arm, for the ok to get back on the streets. It was a standoff, so whe wrote the note to Ida, an I worked another month.

By then it was just a nine-to-five, no glamour left, aside from hi-speed death sprints and the occasional face-plant when some cheese opened a car door on me. So I kissed the job an the boys goodbye, copping a squeeze down machoballs' shorts. He actually had a pretty sizeable knob.

Ida was almost sorry to see me quit. "Just lookit yer legs," she says, with a glint in her eye. "Juz lookit them muscles!" But it's time for somethin' different - cerebral, maybe. Wadda ya think? Ballet?

THE LONG-OVERDUE-BUT-BETTER-REALLY-LATE-THAN-NEVER GREAT CiTR LISTENERS' SURVEY!! NOW DUE LATER THAN EVER!!!

Okay, so it's been too long since we last asked you for your valued opinion on things CiTR-y and why you believe it should or should not exist But really you should not be complaining that you have not had the opportunity to respond to what we do 'cause we *do* have an address and we *do* have a phone number you know. Nonetheless, please use the next several minutes of your valuable time to fill this thing out and *tell us* how we're doing and all that stuff. You might even be in store for some prizes. Okay? Note new deadline: Friday November 10!!!

Gender: ❑ Male ❑ Female *Age:* _____

Are you a student? ❑ UBC ❑ Other Post-Secondary ❑ Secondary ❑ Elementary ❑ Other _____

Have you listened to CiTR? ❑ Yes ❑ No Then why are you filling this thing out? _____

When and how did you first find out about CiTR? _____

How do you usually listen to CiTR? ❑ FM ❑ Cable ❑ Other _____

How often do you listen to CiTR? ❑ never ❑ once a year ❑ a few times a year ❑ once a month ❑ once a week ❑ a few times a week ❑ daily ❑ I never turn it off

When do you usually listen to CiTR? (circle more than one if you like) ❑ 7-8am ❑ 7-9am ❑ 9am-noon ❑ noon-3pm ❑ 3-6pm ❑ 6-9pm ❑ 9pm-midnight ❑ midnight-4am ❑ 4am-sign-off ❑ I never turn the bloody thing off

Where do you usually listen to CiTR? ❑ in the car ❑ at work ❑ on the bus ❑ in my bedroom ❑ in my living room ❑ at parties ❑ on my WalkHuman

Do you have problems picking up CiTR? ❑ Yes ❑ No Please explain. _____

Has reception improved since CiTR boosted its power? ❑ Yes ❑ No Please explain. _____

What other radio stations do you listen to? _____

Why? _____

Do you ever record anything from CiTR? ❑ Yes ❑ No ❑ Ain't tellin'

Please list the programs you listen to the most and indicate why you listen.

Please list the programs you avoid like the plague and indicate why you don't listen to them.

To the best of your ability, please define "obscenity". _____

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NOW
THURSDAY NIGHTS
8:00 PM—10:00 PM

☆ HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHTS ON CiTR

Please indicate below whether you would like more, the same, or less of the following types of programming.

Demo Tapes/Cassettes	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Current Affairs	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Major label artists	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Visual and Performing Arts	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Jazz	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Blues	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Experimental	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Three chord rock	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Classical	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	CiTR Concert Presentations	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Public Service Announcements	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Individual Program Promos	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
News	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Cityscape Listings	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Sports	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Concentration on CanCon	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Roots	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	The literary arts	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Drama	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	No Commercial Messages	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Free-form	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	The Weather	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Interviews	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Noise	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Talking DJ's	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	Spoken Word	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less
Music	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less	UBC Digest	❑ more	❑ the same	❑ less

What do you like the most about CiTR? _____

What do you hate the most about CiTR? _____

Do you enjoy listening to CiTR more or less that you did

6 months ago?	❑ more	❑ less	❑ same	*3 years ago?*	❑ more	❑ less	❑ same
1 year ago?	❑ more	❑ less	❑ same	*4 years ago?*	❑ more	❑ less	❑ same
2 years ago?	❑ more	❑ less	❑ same	*5 years ago?*	❑ more	❑ less	❑ same

Why? _____

What changes would you make to CiTR's programming? _____

Now, if you're a smart one, you'd be fillin' out the spaces below not so a disgruntled CiTR member can track your evil self down because of the nasty words you wrote down above, but because there just might be a prize draw at the end of October for one of CiTR's new t-shirts or some buttons or even a mess o'new records and stuff! So, chop out this little ballot thingie and then do one of the following: *(1)* send it in to CiTR (6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC V6T 2A5), *(2)* come by the station and drop it off in person, or *(3)* drop it off in one of the survey boxes at Zulu Records (1869 W 4th), Odyssey Imports (534 Seymour) or Scratch Records (317A Cambie). Deadline: Friday November 10th. Thank you very much.

NAME AND PHONE NUMBER:

TAPE-A-MANIA

Tape-A-Mania, 11:00 PM October 17, 1989. We at Discorder are pleased to present this month's selection for Tape-A-Mania, the kings of cave crap, The Smugglers. This simple conglomeration of homeboys have, since early 1987, seen fit to play 3-chord sixties garage grunge for those Vancouverites who appreciate it. Ugh! Now, wake up, follow these simple instructions and you too can become one of the thousands of happy and satisfied Tape-A-Maniacs.

Instruction: 1. Grab a 60 minute cassette.
2. Cut out this here tape cover.
3. Record the Smugglers.
4. Groove.

Next month: Video BBQ. December: The Method.
Interested bands, contact Ed Lasko at 462-9281 or Nardwuar at 228-3017.

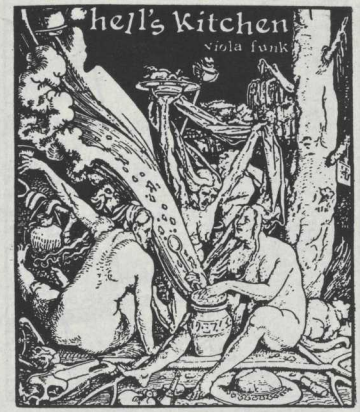
"Damn her," you're thinking, "for being lost in the past. Why can't she wake up and realise it's 1989, and stop vicariously re-living her childhood?"

Okay. This month we take a gander at three very up-to-the-minute, hip and happenin' places to eat, none of which have any childhood associations for me.

NICK'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE 631 Commercial Drive (beside the New York Theatre)

"Our meals aren't fattening," advises the menu, "...as long as you skip the next three!" And "Please be patient...our waitresses only have two hands. Maybe someday they'll use both of them." How can you go wrong? Very basic, very good Italian food. The spinach fettucine rules the Earth. Nifty little balls of gourmet ice cream, coated in nuts and chocolate among other things, are available for dessert, though this may not be feasible as you are plied with delightful loaves of French bread during the course of your meal. Come prepared to wait in line for a seat; spend a fair bit ($9-$11 average for entrees); and walk away fully satitiated. Easily identifiable by the cheery yellow fluorescent sign affixed to the unprepossessing building it occupies.

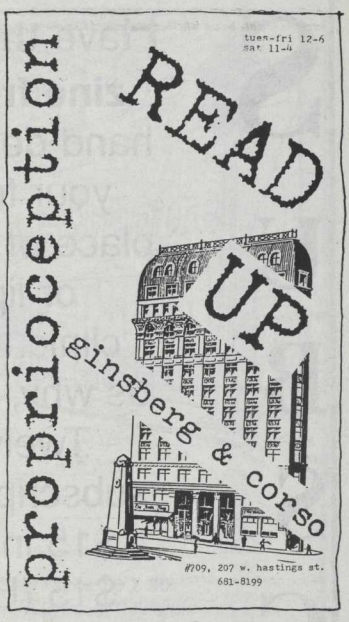
DOLL & PENNY'S 1167 Davie St (between Thurlow & Bute)

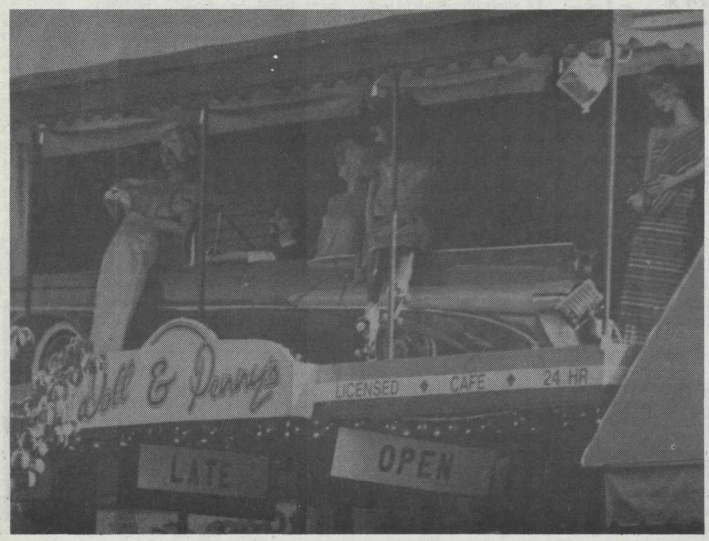


Yes, it has been completely revamped, overhauled and Smitty-fied in the past year due to heightened mainstream exposure from the car-on-the-roof controversy. But the most important thing hasn't changed: the food. Yer basic North American cuisine. Burgs, pasta, salad, ribs & stuff like that. All consummately prepared and presented by personable men of alternate sexual orientation. The decor here used to be something to write home about—a visual cacophony of secondhand kitsch, antiques, tacky ribbons and flags of all colours, and just plain junk—but hey, if you go late enough at night (it's open round the clock on weekends), you don't notice the new sterility that much. (And plus, as Kevin pointed out, the drag queens are something else..."Especially the Tina Turner ones...".) Like I said, the food still grooves. Prices start around four-something for a burger, and the appetisers are expensive as sin but for the most part, worth it. With any luck you can get a table at the front where sliding glass doors open right onto the sidewalk, affording you a slice of the Davie St action which should compensate for the cleaned-up interior.

TRUE CONFECTIONS 866 Denman St.

If after a repast at Doll & Penny's, you can still stomach the thought of food (I mean, umah—), this is the place to go. Just far away enough to allow you to work up a semblance of an appetite, if you walk it. Actually, it's a good idea to come here with rather more than just a semblance of an appetite. One look at the looming glass display counter along the front will tell you why: Desserts galore. Diet is definitely a four-letter word here. Cakes, pies, tortes, flans, all kinds of gooey shit, all a mile high and four dollars or more per slice. But what slices. Towering, magnificent triumphs of indulgence. The kind of place that inspires people who correlate eating habits to morality to use the word "decadent". And that inspires the rest of us simply to eat. Twinings Earl Grey tea and alcoholic beverages are also available, lest drink be forgotten. The chocolate orange cake at $4.75 a piece is one thing I would not mind paying twice the price for (God, I hope the proprietors don't read this...). And a really kooky thing about the place is the way the ladies' can is ensconced behind a round cement-block wall that looks like a massive pillar. Architects on drugs, Part Ten! Check it out, it rules.





SUBSCRIBE

Have **that magazine from CiTR** hand-delivered to your front door, place of business or liposuction clinic. Don't ask us why, just do it. Twelve month subscriptions are $15 in Canada, $15 (US) to the United States, and $24 elsewhere

Make cheques or money orders payable to Discorder Magazine. The address is: SUB Rm 233, UBC, Vancouver B.C., V6T 2A5.

Shindig, CITR's annual battle-of-the-bands, will be starting up again Monday, 2 October, at the Railway Club, and yes, we are looking for more bands. Just send your demo (two or more songs), with a contact name and phone number, and bio if you'd like, to CiTR, attention "Shindig." If you have any questions, call the station (228-3017) and ask for Lane or Linda. Preference will be given to bands which haven't entered before, but beyond that, there aren't any restrictions that I know of.

Speaking of demos, when sending them in for airplay and/or review, please make sure that cassettes are clearly marked with the band's name and a phone number. Any background info is always helpful, and please make sure you don't send us a master copy, since we can't return tapes.

In the world of local band lineup changes, **She** still hasn't settled on a new singer, and the **Fab Mavericks**, besides considering a new name to go with their new sound, are looking for a bass player and drummer. And who could be a better addition to Dave Gregg's **Groovaholics** than Stephen Hamm (on bass, of course)? I think Ron Allen (of the **Scramblers**) used to play bass for them, although with that wig it was hard to tell.

And now for October's demo crop:

Ulterior Motive-"The Devil Likes Me." An appropriately grungy recording from a Montreal band who, from 1978-81, provided inspiration for future members of Deja Voodoo and Terminal Sunglasses. The bassist and drummer went on to play with Three O'Clock Train, but now Ulterior Motive is making a comeback with this two-song demo, touted by Gerard Van Herk of Deja Voodoo himself as "The Cramps with David Byrne singing and better songs." Well, I wouldn't go that far.... Don't be surprised if this three-piece shows up somewhere in Og Records' catalogue soon.

Umbra-"Jism Queen." Well, what can I say about such a charmingly titled ditty with vocals by Scott (son of Bob) Crane? Not much. The vocals and various doom sounds that make you think your ghetto blaster's batteries are running down are sort of haphazardly linked to some noodle-y guitar. And the band, I think, is from somewhere near Seattle.

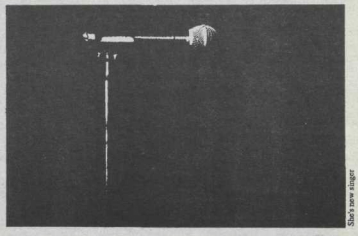
Route 666-"King Shit." This is the first I've heard of this local band (not including seeing their sticker on Paul McKenzie's Ariel, which has got to mean something). This is hard rocking, angry stuff, with the main lyric being, "I wanna know who died and made you King Shit." If someone told me this was all in fun I'd say they're something like Ogre (tighter, of course), but I guess I'll have to see them play somewhere first. The singer's delivery is sometimes quite a bit like Paul McK's (of the Enigmas, and TT Racer), coincidentally enough.

Love in the Asylum-"Another Minor Affair." All the way from Ireland, this demo is really clearly recorded, quiet, gentle pop in the tradition of bands like Aztec Camera. Now the question is, how did it find its way to us?

A Murder of Crows-"The Dead Horizon." A young band from White Rock, together for only a few months, sent us this. I think the songs here are supposed to have the ambience of the **Smiths** or early **Cure** but the 4-track hasn't really risen to the challenge. A well-intentioned first effort.

Back Beat-"20 Years Ago." (And a note says to file this under "Protest Hip Hop.") Yes, this is an example of home taping trying to kill the music business, or at least that part of it that's feeding us nothing but "Classic Rock." As if the first line of "Sergeant Pepper" over and over (and over!) with bits of the Guess Who and Tom Jones don't make things clear enough, there's a squeaky voice saying "I'm so sick of the sixties." Well sure, but for God's sake, let's not get into seventies worship here! Nicely recorded and a bit of fun.

Fab Mavericks-"Snake Charmer." At first I thought I had the wrong tape here - after all, the **Fab Mavericks** used to have quite a different sound. This is a sophisticated recording (done at Rad Studios, with producer Bill Chapman), with violins and backwards-sounding stuff and a female vocalist all contributing to this venture into psychedelia. With their new format (male and female singers), and looking for a new rhythm section, the Fab Mavericks are probably going to get themselves a new name too. A good start for what is, basically, a new band.



She's new slogan

IF YOU WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME AND YOU LIKE TO PARTY, THE ROXY IS WHERE IT'S AT!!

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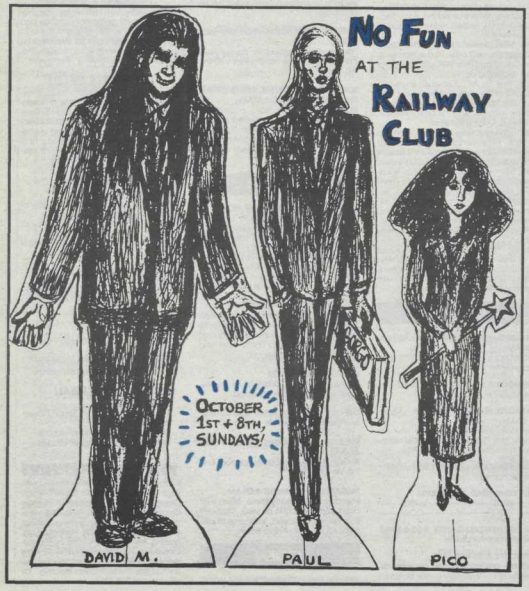

OCTOBER
1989

Festival Entertainment

September 29 / 30
from Hollywood, California
THE MOVIE STARS and from T.O. **UIC**

October 6/7
SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS

October 13/14
TRAGIC MULATTO

October 20/21
From San Francisco
THE MISTER T EXPERIENCE with
CHRIS HOUSTON

October 27/28
TT RACER

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DOORS OPEN 9:30 FRI., 10:30 SAT.
SORRY NO MINORS

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
From the famous siren to the not-so-famous BBC World Service, wake up with The CiTR Morning Show. It's information you shouldn't do without: news, sports, weather, entertainment reports, and Alberta hog prices.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
Lunch goes down better with The Afternoon Report. Tune in for no frills news, sports, and weather.

SOUND OF REALITY 3:00-5:00PM
Experimental Radio, with Vision! Featuring environmental sounds, found noises, information/propoganda and the world's primitive and experimental musics from the auditory fringe. Live, too. Contributions welcome.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM
CiTR's in-depth current affairs/news magazine show. Coverage and analysis of the day's news and sports, a complete weather report, movie reviews, and reports on events here at UBC. And we promise, no traffic reports.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM
Join the CiTR Sports Department for all the latest in Thunderbird varsity sports and sports everywhere else for that matter. Interviews too!

TOP OF THE BOPS 6:00-7:00PM
Trini Lopez, Ronnie Self, and The Phantom all love you. Marc Coulevin brings Rock 'n' Roll to its roots. Note the really new time slot. Just for you, Claude.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-9:30PM
The latest in dance music from the Africa-cum-sub-continent plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your host: Unverah Onukwulu.

THE JAZZ IS THE PITS! 9:30PM-12:30AM
Broadcast live from the Pit Pub in the basement of SUB, it's three hours of jazz!

TUESDAYS

SPORTS DIGEST 7:00-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Monday afternoon's programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY 8:10-10:00AM
Garnet doesn't give a shit and neither should you.

IT'S ALL LIES/PEST CONTROL 10:00AM-1:00PM
Bill Mullan and Jerome Broadway alternate weeks and thoughts.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:30PM
Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke, Jeff Gray.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

CONVER-RADIO 5:30-6:00PM
One-way conversation and radio: get it? A series of pilot episodes for you to evaluate. Topics for September include underground comics, Carmanah Valley, and a look at those currently poisoning Howe Sound. Hosted by Chris Brayshaw. Audience participation welcome.

THE BETTY & VERONICA SHOW 6:00-7:00PM
Join the Riverdale Gang each week for fun and frivolity! Pep up! Tune in! Turn to Betty's own column on page 18!!

NEON MEATE DREAM 7:00-9:00PM
Like your worst nightmare and most erotic dream combined. God what a mess. With Pete Lutwych.

WEDNESDAYS

CONVER-RADIO 7:00-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Tuesday's 5:30 programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

THE RETURN OF NECRO-NEOFILE 1:15-3:00PM
The newest additions to the CiTR playlist as well as the tortured ramblings of any musicians that fall into the far pit. Facilitated by MD Chris Buchanan.

THIRTY THREE AND A THIRD 3:00-5:00PM
The latest info on local bands and strictly Canadian tunes, along with the hottest playlist stuff and interviews! With Spike Stylus!

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

IT'S JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOORHOUSE 5:30-6:00PM
The big mouth is back, bigger and mouthier than ever!

B.C. FOLK 6:00-7:00PM
Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. folk' artists with Barb Waldern.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-MIDNIGHT
Now at a new time! Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Features at 11:00. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.
4th "Miles Smiles" (1966). Miles Davis leading Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. One of his best recording dates.
11th "Free for All". Just when everyone said Art Blakey was "old hat", he came out with this, possibly his best album. Blakey with Wayne Shorter, Freddie Hubbard, Curtis Fuller et al.
18th "Trio Music/Live in Europe" is on tap tonight. Requests for repeat of one of Chick Corea's great albums with Miroslav Vitous and Roy Haynes. The CD version.
25th "Jackie's Bag". One of alto saxophonist Jackie McLean's highlights. Three horns and a crack rhythm section. Arrangements and compositions by McLean and legendary tenorist Tina Brooks plus Blue Mitchell on trumpet... For the first time, we'll hear the complete session.
Nov 1st The great King Curtis is featured in a Jazz context with Nat Adderley, Wynton Kelly and others. This outstanding soul and r&b player could stand with the best of them in a Jazz setting.

THURSDAYS

IT'S JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOORHOUSE 7:00-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Wednesday's 5:30 programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 10:00-11:00AM
Textbooks beckon. Which is why I'm where I am. Still dedicated to the North-West (you define). Note new time.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM
———HARD———JINX———
———ERIC———CORE———

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

ARTS CAFE 5:30-6:00 PM
In-depth arts analysis and general miscellany of commentary on the local arts community.

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT! 8:00-10:00PM
Hootenanny Saturday Night on Thursday night. Get it? If not, we wouldn't a want ye listenin' anyhoo. Listen for Backwards Song to win prizes, and The 50¢ Record Hour at 9:00 to win nuttin'.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 10:00PM-MIDNIGHT
Join Ed, Peter, and John for a real live band in your livingroom, automobile or WalkPerson.

EATING VOMIT MIDNIGHT-5AM
Hours of regurgitated rock 'n' roll sniped and glued by your favourite artists. You must learn. DJs: Darren Reiter, Pat Mullan.

FRIDAYS

ARTS CAFE 7:00-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Thursday's 5:30 programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM
Join host Ken MacIntyre as he takes you on a tour through the silverscreen's back lot of life with film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE - PART ONE 2:30-3:30PM AND 4:00-5:00PM
Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized aurality, power electronics and sound collage. Live experimental music. 100% Canadian Industrialism.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS.... 3:30-4:00PM
Manhattan Flavoured Clam Chowder and Cleo Von Fluffelstein!

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

IN REVIEW 5:30-6:00PM
A look at what's happened over the last week. A grab bag of sorts.

HOME TAPING I.N.T.E.R.N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L. 6:30-9:00PM
Radio to record over. Tape in, turn on, no dropouts.

STOMP ON THAT BOPPA-TRON 9:00-MIDNIGHT
The latest & greatest in dance floor grooves. DJ Micky Hard brings you the big beat.

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN 12:30-3:30AM
Independent music from around the world ranging from the latest in club tunes to hardcore and industrial grunge. Live and pre-recorded interviews plus experimental accordion sessions. With Lloyd Uliana.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-NOON
Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/roots/rogue folk music radio show. Now in its fifth year on CiTR! UK Soccer Report at 11:30.
7th What the Hell is Rogue Folk, Part One
14th England's House Band
21st Beware: a short show!
28th What the Hell is Rogue Folk, Part Two

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground speed to mainstream metal, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Battlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3:00-5:00PM
The Hip Hop Beat brought to you by Niel Scobie--straight from the Island.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG 6:00-8:00PM
Brought to you by your friends from Eating Vomit.

MEGABLAST! MIDNIGHT-3:00 AM
Improvisation in many forms. Mixes that don't work but had to be tried. Requests that never get played. Welcome to late night radio. With Adam Sloan.

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-NOON
Wake up to Schoenberg, Varese, Berio, Carter, Scelsi, Xenakis, Schafer, Cage, Webern - Artistic Evel Knievels all. Nouveau post-modern instrumental compositions in a classical vein.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM
Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska with George Barrett. Dance Hall Music!

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3:00-6:00PM
Every Sunday, join Lachlan Murray and Kevin Rea for the best of blues, rhythm and blues, and soul.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

JUST LIKE WOMEN 6:00-8:00PM
Feminist news and analysis and music made by women for everybody. Alternates Sundays with...

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:00-8:00PM
Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global cultures of resistance. Hosted by Horacio de la Cueva. Alternates Sundays with Just Like Women.

ONE STEP BEYOND/RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-MIDNIGHT
Join host Dave Emory for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90's. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, CA).

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM
So what if Barry doesn't show up anymore? Who gives a shit? Guido and Trini still do.

ETCETERA...

UBC WEST

Four times each day, hear the rundown on the latest events, lectures, gigs, and fun things occuring here on that campus next door to that world famous skin cancer site. All in an entertaining package of fun!

CITYSCAPE

Several times a day, listings are read out for all the hip happenings here in the city of rain. Concerts and clubs, theatre, film and cinema: everything you could possibly want and more. Just listen.

COMMUNITY ACCESS

CiTR provides free airtime for Community Access by community groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please give the Program Director a phone call at 228-3017. Thank you.

LIVE SPORTS ON CITR

Join the crack CiTR Sports Unit for play-by-play coverage of a mess o' varsity sports both on the campus and off. Ever prone to be exact, from soccer to football to ice hockey to basketball. Find out the reason why the "TR" is in CiTR. Upcoming games carried by CiTR which will preempt regular CiTR programming:

MEN'S FOOTBALL

OCTOBER
8th 11:00 Sunday AT University of Saskatchewan
21st 1:00 Saturday AT University of Alberta
28th 1:00 Saturday versus University of Calgary

MEN'S ICE HOCKEY

OCTOBER
27th 7:30 Friday versus University of Alberta

MEN'S BASKETBALL

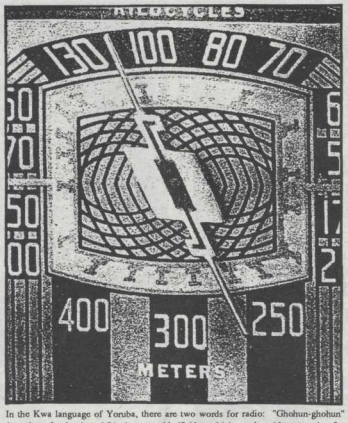
NOVEMBER
4th 7:30 Buchanan Classic at Simon Fraser
17th 8:00 AT University of Victoria
18th 8:00 AT University of Victoria

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

OCTOBER
31st 7:30 Tuesday AT Simon Fraser
NOVEMBER
17th 4:00 AT University of Victoria
18th 4:00 AT University of Victoria

VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES

CiTR wants you to become involved with your friendly UBC Radio Station which broadcasts to the campus and beyond. Opportunities abound! Wheeee! Programming, producing, editing, writing, engineering, operating, announcing, hosting, etc etc etc. Come by the studios during normal office hours. They're located in Room #233 on the second floor of the Student Union Building. Or phone us at 228-3017.



In the Kwa language of Yoruba, there are two words for radio: "Ghohun-ghohun" (snatcher of voices), and "A-s'oro ma gb'esi" (that which speaks without pausing for reply).

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7	IN REVIEW	SPORTS DIGEST	CONVER-RADIO	JUST TALK	ARTS CAFE		
8	THE CITR MORNING SHOW - BBC WORLD SERVICE AT 8:00						
9	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY	VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW			THE SATURDAY EDGE	ARE YOU SERIOUS/ MUSIC
10				HANFORD NUCLEAR...	MOVING IMAGES		
11	SOUP DE JOUR	PEST CONTROL/ IT'S ALL LIES					
12						THE 12:15 ROCK NEWS	
1	THE AFTERNOON NEWS REPORT						
2		BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	NECRO-NEOPHILE II			POWER CHORD	THE ROCKERS SHOW
3					THE ABSOLUTE PARAMAJAR VALUE OF NOISE		
4	SOUND OF REALITY	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	33 1/3	FLEX YOUR HEAD		IN EFFECT	THE BLUES AND SOUL SHOW
5	THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE						
6	SPORTS DIGEST	CONVER-RADIO	JUST TALK	ARTS CAFE		IN REVIEW	
7	TOP OF THE BOPS	BETTY & VERONICA	BC FOLK			EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG	JUST LIKE WOMEN/ ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS
8					HOME TAPING I.N.T.E.R.- N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L.		
9	AFRICAN SHOW	NEON MEATE DREAM	THE SPINSTERS	HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT			PLAYLOUD (THIS IS NOT A TEST)
10							
11	PIT JAZZ	THE NEW JENNIFER CHAN SHOW	THE JAZZ SHOW WITH GAVIN WALKER	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	STOMP ON THAT BOPPA-TRON	RADIO FREE PARKING	ONE STEP BEYOND/ RADIO FREE AMERICA
12							
1							
2	ENVIRON-MENTAL SCATOLOGY	AURAL TENTACLES	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	EATING VOMIT	SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN	MEGA-BLAST!	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHER-ENCY
3						SIN-E-PLEX NICKELO-DEON	
4							

DON'T FORGET THAT CiTR WELCOMES MUSICAL AND NON-MUSICAL ENDEAVOURS WITH OPEN EARS. PLEASE ADDRESS ANY SUBMISSIONS TO THE ATTENTION OF EITHER THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT OR THE DEMO CASSETTE DIRECTOR, AND MAIL TO: CiTR 101.9 fM, 6138 SUB BOULEVARD, VANCOUVER, BC CANADA V6T 2A5. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
# MALCOLM MCLAREN	WALTZ DARLING	COLUMBIA
54-40	FIGHT FOR LOVE	REPRISE
# MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	STORM THE STUDIO	SWEATBOX
STOMPIN TOM CONNORS	FIDDLE AND SONG	CAPITOL
# CAPTAIN SENSIBLE	REVOLUTION NOW	DELTIC
# WEST INDIA COMPANY	NEW DEMONS	EG
# POP WILL EAT ITSELF	THIS IS THE DAY, THIS IS THE...	RCA
# THE THE	MIND BOMB	EPIC
CURIOUS GEORGE	CHILDREN OF A COMMON MOTHER	NEMESIS
# BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS	GHETTO MUSIC	RCA
# BEAT FARMERS	POOR AND FAMOUS	CURB
VARIOUS ARTISTS	THE BRIDGE	CAROLINE
# MATERIAL	SEVEN SOUL	VIRGIN
# PETER GABRIEL	MUSIC FROM THE LAST TEMPTATION...	GEFFEN
# NURSE WITH WOUND	AUTOMATING VOL. 2	UNITED DAIRIES
# SIR MIX-A-LOT	SWASS	NASTYMIX
# EPMD	UNFINISHED BUSINESS	FRESH
# POGUES	PEACE AND LOVE	ISLAND
ASEXUALS	DISH	CARGO
# VARIOUS ARTISTS	NEW BEAT - TAKE 3	A.B. SOUNDS
# LES NEGRESSES VERTES	LES NEGRESSES VERTES	RHYTHM KING
# KOOL MOE DEE	KNOWLEDGE IS KING	JIVE
# SEVERED HEADS	ALL SAINTS DAY 12"	NETTWERK
# KEITH LEBLANC	STRANGER THAN FICTION	NETTWERK
CONDITION	SWAMP WALK	AMOK
# JELLO BIAFRA	HIGH PRIEST OF HARMFUL MATTER	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
# MC 900FT JESUS	TOO BAD 12"	NETTWERK
# SCHOOLY D	AM I BLACK ENOUGH FOR YOU	JIVE
# LL COOL J	WALKING WITH A PANTHER	DEF JAM
# HOODOO GURUS	MAGNUM CUM LOUDER	RCA
# FETCHIN BONES	MONSTER	CAPITOL
# KAREN FINLEY	THE TRUTH IS HARD TO SWALLOW	POW WOW ART
# VARIOUS ARTISTS	IN HOUSE VOL. 1	JIVE
# COFFIN BREAK	PSYCHOSIS	C/Z
# ADRIAN BELEW	MR. MUSIC HEAD	ATLANTIC
# 24-7 SPYZ	HARDER THAN YOU	IN EFFECT
# VARIOUS ARTISTS	GREAT MARCH ON WASHINGTON	GORDY
# DARLING BUDS	POP SAID	COLUMBIA
# N.W.A	EXPRESS YOURSELF 12"	RUTHLESS
# BIG MOUSE & KAREN FINLEY	DROP THAT GHETTO BLASTER	NETTWERK
COURAGE OF LASSIE	SING OR DIE	AMOK
# PUBLIC ENEMY	FIGHT THE POWER 12"	MOTOWN
# NUSRAT FATEH ALI KHAN	SHAHEN-SHAH	VIRGIN
# BEVIS FROND	THE AUNTIE WINNIE ALBUM	RECKLESS
# FUZZBOX	SELF	WEA
# EXENE CERVENKA	OLD WIVES' TALES	RHINO
# ZIGGY MARLEY & THE MELODY MAKERS	BRIGHT DAY	VIRGIN
# NIRVANA	BLEACH	SUBPOP
# SKID ROPER & THE WHIRLING...	TRAILS PLOWED UNDER	TRIPLE X
# SALIF KIETA	KO-YAN	MANGO
# SICK OF IT ALL	BLOOD, SWEAT, AND NO TEARS	IN EFFECT
VARIOUS ARTISTS	IT CAME FROM CANADA VOL. 5	OG
# SUGARCUBES	REGINA	ONE LITTLE INDIAN

# INDICATES NON-CANADIAN ARTIST

99.3 Fox PRESENTS BY POPULAR DEMAND THE RETURN OF...

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featuring: **Dave Allen** (Gang of Four), **Steve Halliwell** (Shriekback), and **Dominique Miller** (World Party)

with guests

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NEW WAVE OF WOMEN IN JAZZ

OCTOBER 21-25

NW NEW ORCHESTRA WORKSHOP

From New York

Marilyn Crispell

Solo Piano•Sat. Oct. 21

Trio with:

Roger Baird — percussion

Paul Blaney — bass

►Tues. Oct. 24

►Wed. Oct. 25

"JIM Jams"

Irene Schweizer piano

Maggie Nichols voice

Joelle Leandre bass

Sun. Oct. 22

Mon. Oct. 23

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JAZZ HOTLINE 682-0706

1 SUN No Fun at the Railway Club...**The Butthole Surfers** at Club Soda...Major tunes spun in the Pit Pub by CiTR 101.9 fM...**Blue** Turtle Theatre Company presents **Confessions of a MeleStripper** from the Fringe Festival at R.J. Christie's Cabaret (9pm, $10)...Tom Cone's **Love at Last Sight** at the Waterfront (2pm)...Metropolitan Gas Theatre Company presents **Laughing Wild** at the Station Street Arts Centre (2pm)...**Adelphi** Screamers presents **Lady Audley's Secret** from the Fringe Festival at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...**Six Palm Trees** and **Showing Size** from the Fringe Festival at the Firehall Arts Centre (8pm)...

2 MON The dinosaur is back! **Shindig '89** opens at the Railway Club with three brand new bands battling it out every Monday night...Jazz broadcast live from the Pit Pub on CiTR (9pm)...**Sunset Boulevard** in the SUB Theatre (7pm & 9:30pm)...**Lady Audley's Secret** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...**Six Palm Trees** and **Showing Size** at the Firehall Arts Centre...

3 TUE The Blinds and **The Fault** at the Railway Club...**Willie & the Walkers** at the Yale...**Pride & Prejudice** in the SUB Theatre (7 & 9:30)...Thornton Wilder's **Our Town** at Studio 58 (8pm)...**Laughing Wild** at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)...**Six Palm Trees** and **Showing Size** at the Firehall Arts Centre (8pm)...

4 WED Cheating & Hurting from Edmonton at the Railway Club...**Willie & the Walkers** at the Yale...Dance music in the Pit Pub by CiTR...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**Laughing Wild** at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)...**Six Palm Trees** and **Showing Size** at the Firehall Arts Centre (8pm)...David Cronenberg series with **Stereo** (7pm) & **Crimes of the Future** (9:30pm) at Cinema 16...

5 THU Saturday Afternoon Jazz with the **Paul Fisher Quartet** at the Railway Club (3-7pm)...**Cheating & Hurting** at the Railway Club...**Willie & the Walkers** at the Yale...That CiTR sound mixed in the Pit Pub by your friends at CiTR...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**Laughing Wild** at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)...**Six Palm Trees** and **Showing Size** at the Firehall Arts Centre (8pm)...A reading by **Mavis Gallant** at Simon Fraser University Harbour Centre (7pm, $5)...

6 FRI CiTR presents Enigma recording artists **Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper** at the Town Pump...**Sarcastic Mannequins** at the Arts Club...Vancouver **New Music** presents **The Man Who Mistook his Wife for a Hat**, brand new chamber music opera by British Composer Michael Nyman, at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, $18 general, $12 students)...**Cheating & Hurting** at the Railway Club...**Willie & the Walkers** at the Yale...**Allen Ginsberg** and **Gregory Corso** at the Italian Cultural Centre...**Tropical Fever** from Trinidad and **Phase 3 Steel Band** at the Commodore Ballroom...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**Laughing Wild** at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)...**Six Palm Trees** and **Showing Size** at the Firehall Arts Centre (8pm)...

7 SAT Sarcastic Mannequins at the Arts Club...**Cheating & Hurting** at the Railway Club...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**The Man Who Mistook his Wife for a Hat** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...**Laughing Wild** closes at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)...**Six Palm Trees** and **Showing Size** at the Firehall Arts Centre (2pm & 8pm)...

8 SUN No Fun at the Railway Club...**UK Subs, Curious George & Lost Generation** at Club Soda...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (3 & 8pm)...**Six Palm Trees** and **Showing Size** closes at the Firehall Arts Centre (2pm & 8pm)...Music spun by CiTR in the Pit Pub...

9 MON Shindig '89 at the Railway Club ...Legendary reggae superstars **Eek-a-Mouse** from Jamaica at the Town Pump...Jazz show broadcast live from the Pit Pub...

10 TUE Allen Dobb & Dumela at the Railway Club...**Picnic at Hanging Rock** in the SUB Theatre (7 & 9:30)...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**The Man Who Mistook his Wife for a Hat** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, half-price night; $9 general, $6 students)...

11 WED MCA recording artists **The Swans** at the Town Pump...**Garbo's Hat** at the Grunt Gallery (8-11pm, $3)...**Something Savage** at the Railway Club...Tunes in the Pit Pub as spun by CiTR...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...Bergman on Relationships series with **Wild Strawberries** (7pm & 9:30pm) at Cinema 16...

12 THU Flamenco Heresy at the Railway Club...CiTR's friendly dj's spin tunes just for you in the Pit Pub...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...

13 FRI Tragic Mulatto at the Arts Club...**Flamenco Heresy** at the Railway Club...Fend Players' production of Manual Puig's **Kiss of the Spider Woman** opens at Station Street Arts Centre...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**The Man Who Mistook his Wife for a Hat** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, $18 general, $12 students)...

14 SAT Pro-Choice National Day of Action: assemble at 11am at Queen Elizabeth Theatre, rally at 1pm at Sunset Beach...**Tragic Mulatto** at the Arts Club...Saturday Afternoon Jazz with **Colleen Savage** at the Railway Club (3-7pm)...Paul Mackenzie's latest incarnation **T.T. Racer** at the Railway Club...From New York City, **Henry Butler** gives a solo performance at the Vancouver Community College (8pm)...Megaforce recording artists **Testament** at the Paramount...**The House Band** from England and **Split Shift** at The WISE Hall (8:30pm, $9)...**Kiss of the Spider Woman** continues at Station Street Arts Centre...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**The Man Who Mistook his Wife for a Hat** ends at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, $18 general, $12 students)...

15 SUN The Gruesomes from Montreal, sans Jerry Alvarez on guitar, at the Town Pump...**T.T. Racer** at the Railway Club...**Tragic Mulatto** at Club Soda...**The Jim Hall Quartet** at the Arts Club Theatre Granville Island (8pm)...CiTR plays music in the Pit Pub from 8:30...**Masterpiece**, chamber music from the VSO, at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (2:30 & 8pm, $11 general, $9 students)...**Kiss of the Spider Woman** continues at Station Street Arts Centre...

16 MON Shindig '89 at the Railway Club...CiTR presents In Effect/Relativity recording artists **24-7 Spyz** at the Town Pump...Jazz in the Pit Pub...**The Seven Year Itch** in the SUB Theatre (7 & 9:30)...

17 TUE Feathered Pena at the Railway Club...Preview of Bruce Myers's two person play **Dubbuk** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $8)...**A Passage to India** in the SUB Theatre (12:40 & 7:30)...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...

18 WED CiTR presents **Oliver de Coque** and his 18 piece band from Nigeria at the Commodore Ballroom...**Eugene Ripper's Fast Folk Underground** at the Arts Club...**Bruce A. & the Secular Atavists** at the Railway Club...Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub...**Cheating & Hurting** play **Bloody Poetry** opens at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...**Dubbuk** opens at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $8)...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**The** Jean Cocteau Centenary: The Eagle with **Two Heads** (7:30pm) & Judex (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...Kurosawa Epics series with **Kagamusha** (8pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

19 THU Bruce A. & the Secular Atavists at the Railway Club...**Orville Johnson** and **Stacy Phillips** perform the Dobro, a hybrid of acoustic guitar and resonator, in UBC Recital Hall (8:30pm, $7)...Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub...Tenor **Ben Heppner** and pianist **Rena Sharon** at the UBC Recital Hall (8pm, $10)...**Bloody Poetry** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...**Dubbuk** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $12)...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**The Eagle with Two Heads** (7:30pm) & **Judex** (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

20 FRI Mr. T Experience & Chris Houston at the Arts Club...**Mike Jacobs Band** at the Railway Club...**Bloody Poetry** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...**Dubbuk** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $14)...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8 pm)...Milan Kundera double bill with **The Joke** (7:30pm) & **The Unbearable Lightness of Being** (9:00pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

21 SAT Mr. T Experience & Chris Houston at the Arts Club...Saturday Afternoon Jazz with **A Touch of Blue** at the Railway Club (3-7pm)...**Mike Jacobs Band** at the Railway Club...**Marilyn Crispell** at the Glass Slipper (8pm, $12)...**Bloody Poetry** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...**Dubbuk** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $14)...**Our Town** continues at Studio 58 (8pm)...**The Joke** (7:30pm) & **The Unbearable Lightness of Being** (9:00pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

22 SUN CiTR presents IRS recording artists **Timbuk 3** at the Town Pump...**Mr. T Experience & Route 666** at Club Soda...English guitarist **Bert Jansch** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, $12)...**Creombone** at the Railway Club...**The Irene Schweizer Trio** featuring Maggie Nichols at the Glass Slipper (8pm, $12)...CiTR spins records and stuff in the Pit Pub...**Bert Jansch** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, $12)...**Bloody Poetry** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...Quebec Cinema in the 80's series with **Sonatine** (7:30pm) & **Marie S'en Va T'en Ville** (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

23 MON Shindig '89 at the Railway Club...**The Irene Schweizer Trio** at the Glass Slipper (8pm, $12)...**Thunderball** at the SUB Theatre...**Bloody Poetry** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...The CiTR Jazz Show broadcast live from the Pit Pub...**Dubbuk** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $12)...

24 TUE F.Y.F. at the Railway Club...**The Kinsey Report** at the Town Pump (8pm, $10)...**Marilyn Crispell** at the Glass Slipper (8pm)...**Bloody Poetry** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...**Dubbuk** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $12)...Comedian **Steven Wright** at the Orpheum (8pm)...

25 WED Vancouver Writers Festival opens on Granville Island: "Women with Murderous Intent" with E.X. Giroux, Elizabeth George & Neil Boyd (Arts Club, 10am); "Speaking Out in Troubled Times" with Clifton Joseph, Jaan Kaplinski, Shimon Levy, Lee Maracle, & Andreas Schroeder (Waterfront, 10am); "Roominations" with Sarah Ellis & Bill Richardson (Arts Club, noon); "Borrowed Black in Performance" with Elysian Theatre Student Company (Festival Tent, noon); "Spinning Yarns" with Spider Robinson & Terry Pratchett (Waterfront, noon); "Science Fiction: New Writing" with Spider & Jeanne Robinson (Arts Club, 2pm); "Small People and Secret Worlds" with Terry Pratchett & Pierre Berton (Festival Tent, 2pm); "Murder Mysteries: Fact or Fiction?" with Leslie Hall Pinder, E.X.Giroux & Elizabeth George (Festival Tent, 4:30pm); "We'll Have out Lawyer Read It Over" with Donna Lee Simmons, Gary Ross & Constance Brissenden (Waterfront, 4:30pm); "Deux Pierres" with Pierre Berton & Peter Ustinov (Festival Tent, 8pm)...**F.Y.F.** at the Railway Club...Marilyn Crispell at the Glass Slipper (8pm)...Bloody Poetry continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...**Dubbuk** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (5:30 matinee & 8:30pm, $8)...CiTR spins the tunes in the Pit Pub...The Jean Cocteau Centenary with **Les Parents Terribles** (7:30pm) & **Erendira** (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinema-theque...Stanley Kubrick series with **A Clockwork Orange** (7pm & 9:30pm) at Cinema 16...

26 THU Vancouver Writers Festival continues on Granville Island: "Surviving Through Writing" with Victor Malarek & Evelyn Lau (Arts Club, 10am); "Radio Drama, Live" with Marilyn Bowering, W.D. Valgardson, Brian Wood & Robert Harlow (Festival Tent, 10am); "Translation: The Creative Process" with Andreas Schroeder, Sam Hamill, Sheila Fischman & Carmen Rodriguez (Waterfron, 10am); Bharati Mukherjee at the Freddy Wood Theatre (12:30pm); "Lunch at Lunchtime" with Eric McCormack & David McFadden (Arts Club, noon); "Borrowed Black in Performance" repeat (Festival Tent, noon); "With Hard Work and Vision" with Victor Malarek, Martin Amis, Gary Ross & Constance Brissenden (Waterfront, noon); "Windows on Other Worlds" with Neil Boyd, soondath, Witi Ihimaera, Shimon Levy & Brenda Berck (Arts Club, 2pm); "You Speak My Language I" with Nicholas Woo, Clifton Joseph & Nelson & Carmen Rodriguez (Festival Tent, 2pm); "Women Speak Out" with Susan Crean, Leslie Hall Pinder, Paulette Jiles & Sharon Riis (Waterfront, 2pm); "Radio Drama, Live" repeat (Festival Tent, 4:30pm); "Today's Readers, Tomorrow's Writers" with Monica Hughes, Sarah Ellis, Ellen Bryan Obed, Brenda Berck (Waterfront, 4:30pm); "Back to Back" with Andreas Schroeder, Thomas Kenneally, Martin Amis & Barry Callaghan (Festival Tent, 8pm)...**Les Goodman After Dark** at the Railway Club...**Bloody Poetry** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...CiTR spins the tunes in the Pit Pub...**Dubbuk** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $12)...**Les Parents Terribles** (7:30pm) & **Erendira** (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

27 FRI Vancouver Writers Festival continues on Granville Island: "Windows on Other Worlds II" with Jaan Kaplinski, Neil Bissoondath, Witi Ihimaera, Bharati Mukherjee & Brenda Berck (Arts Club, 10am); "Hey Malarek! - the Film, the Author" with Victor Malarek (Festival Tent, 9:30am); "It Doesn't Have to Rhyme" with Sam Hamil, Marilyn Bowering, Paulette Jiles & Joe Rosenblatt (Waterfront, 10am); "It's Never too Late" with Ernest Havemann, Marion McNaught & Bruce Lowther (Arts Club, noon); "Borrowed Black in Performance" repeat (Festival Tent, noon); "Beneath the Surface of Reality: Two Views" with Rikki Ducornet, Eric McCormack, Waterfront, noon); "Creative Documentary" with Neil Boyd, Susan Crean, Gary Ross & Victor Malarek (Arts Club, 2pm); "You Speak My Language II" with Lindsay Bridgeman, Lee Yee & Carmen & Nelson Rodriguez (Festival Tent, 2pm); "The Same Sea in Us All" with Jaan Kaplinski & Sam Hamill (Waterfront, 2pm); "Second Time Around" with Pierre Berton, Ernst Havemann, Bruce Lowther & Marion McNaught (Festival Tent, 4:30pm); "The Art of Translation" with Andreas Schroeder, Sheila Fischman & Margarita Sewerin (Waterfront, 4:30pm); "The Poetry Bash" with Sam Hamill, Paulette Jiles, Jaan Kaplinski, Marilyn Bowering, Rikki Ducornet, David McFadden, Barry Callaghan, Andreas Schroeder, Evelyn Lau, Joe Rosenblatt & W.D. Valgardson (Festival Centre, 8:30pm)...**T.T. Racer** at the Arts Club...**The Cranium Miners** with Sandy Scofield at the Railway Club...**Richard Seguin Band** at the Commodore Ballroom...**Bloody Poetry** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...**Dubbuk** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $14)...Roman in the Gloamin' with **Repulsion** (7:30pm) & **Cul-de-Sac** (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

28 SAT Vancouver Writers Festival continues on Granville Island: "How to Make Money Writing" with Donna Lea Hawley, Anne Garber, Scott Mowbray & Constance Brissenden (Arts Club, 9am); "Family Program" with Pierre Berton & Monica Hughes (Waterfront, 10am), Ellen Bryan Obed & Paul Yee (11am); Sarah Ellis & Rikki Ducornet (2pm); "Forum: Are Canadians Racist?" with Lee Maracle, Neil Bissoondath, Paul Yee, Clifton Joseph, Malcolm Lester & Frances Wasserlein (Arts Club, 1:30pm); "The Antipodes come to Canada" with Thomas Keneally, Witi Ihimaera & Spider Robinson (Waterfront, 3:30); "Literary Cabaret" with Sal Ferreras et al (Festival Centre, 8:30pm)...**T.T. Racer** at the Arts Club...Saturday Afternoon Jazz with **New Happy Jazz Band** at the Railway Club (3-7pm)...**The Cranium Miners** with Sandy Scofield at the Railway Club...**Bloody Poetry** closes at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...**Dubbuk** closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm, $14)...

29 SUN Vancouver Writers Festival concludes on Granville Island: "In Honour of Robert Harlow" with Robert Harlow (Festival Centre, 11:30am); "Six in the Spotlight" with Neil Bissoondath, Barry Callaghan, Rikki Ducornet, Eric McCormack, Andreas Schroeder & Leslie Hall Pinder (Arts Club, 1:30pm); "Borrowed Black in Performance" repeat (Festival Tent, 1:30pm); "Dual Solitudo" with Shimon Levy & Norman Browning (Arts Club, 3:30pm); "The Duthie Lecture" with Mordecai Richler (Arts Club, 7:30pm)...**7 Seconds** & **Nice Strong Arm** at Club Soda...**Croontoons** at the Railway Club...Music in the Pit Pub...**Gabriel Yacoub** from France and **Brenda Baker** at the WISE Hall (8:30pm, $8)...**Masterpiece**, Baroque Brilliance, at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (2:30 & 8pm, $11 general, $9 students)...Glenn Gould on Film series with **Slaughterhouse Five** & **Glenn Gould-Off the Record** (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

30 MON Shindig '89 at the Railway Club...**The Rocky Horror Picture Show** at the SUB Theatre...The Jazz Show broadcast from the Pit Pub...

31 TUE Chrysalis recording artists **The Waterboys** at the Commodore Ballroom...Special Halloween Bash at the Railway Club...**The Rocky Horror Picture Show** at the SUB Theatre...**Slaughterhouse Five** & **Glenn Gould-Off the Record** (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

NOVEMBER 1 WED

Garnet Rogers at the WISE Hall (8:30pm, $12)...David Cronenberg series with **Rabid** (7pm & 9:30pm) at Cinema 16...Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub...

3 THU Headlines Theatre presents the return of **Sanctuary**, forum theatre bringing empowerment to the popular theatre experience, at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, $8 general, $6 students)...Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub...

4 SAT Pro-Choice benefit for the Everywomen's Health Centre featuring poetry, music, and dance at the Western Front (for info, call 732-5087)...**Sanctuary** closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, $8 general, $6 students)...**PolyGram** distributed artists **The Pixies** and Virgin recording artist **Soul Asylum** at the Town Pump (Don't forget CiTR is **boycotting** all PolyGram artists so don't go unless you can get in free, and don't buy their records unless you can be sure that your money is not going into lining PolyGram's pockets...check out page 6 for more details)...**Orford String Quartet** in the UBC Recital Hall (8pm, $10)...

5 SUN RCA recording artists **Hoodoo Gurus** from Australia at 86 Street Music Hall...Vancouver New Music presents **Are You Serious** Music host **Paul Steenhuisen, Melissa Hui & Matthew Rogalsky** with guest pianist Orietta Bovenschen (8pm, $12 general, $8.50 students)...Music in the Pit Pub...Glenn Gould on Film series with **The Terminal Man** & **Glenn Gould-Off the Record** (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

6 MON The Terminal Man & **Glenn Gould-Off the Record** (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...**Lavendar Hill Mob** at SUB Theatre (7pm & 9:30pm)...The Jazz Show broadcast from the Pit Pub...

7 TUE The Mezeltones, Washington state's one and only klezmer band, at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, $12)...

8 WED Bergman on Relationships series with **From the Life of the Marionettes** (7pm & 9:30pm at Cinema 16...Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub...

9 THU Phil Cunningham and **Ad Vielle Que Pourra** at the WISE Hall (8:30pm, $9)...Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub...

11 SAT Judy Mowatt & the Calabash Band at the Commodore Ballroom...

12 SUN Glenn Gould on Film Series with **The Wars & Spheres** (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...Music in the Pit Pub...

13 MON The Wars & Spheres (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...**The African Queen** at SUB Theatre (7pm & 9:30pm)...Kurosawa Epics series with **Sanjuro** (7pm & 9:30pm) at Cinema 16...The Jazz Show broadcast live from the Pit Pub...

16 THU Sun Rhythm Section with **The Dots** at the Commodore Ballroom...Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub...

17 FRI Sun Rhythm Section with The Dots at the Commodore Ballroom...

18 SAT Connie Kaldor at the North Vancouver Centennial Theatre (8:30pm, $12)...**Koko Taylor & Lonnie Brooks** at the Commodore Ballroom...

25 SAT Mullingar and **Linda Allen** at the WISE Hall (8:30pm)...

26 SUN Isaac Guillory at the Railway Club (8:30pm)...

SITES/VENUES/PLACES

ARLINGTON CABARET 1236 West Broadway east of Hemlock

ARTS CLUB 1181 Seymour Street *683-0151*

ARTS CLUB GRANVILLE ISLAND *682-0706*

ASIAN CENTRE AUDITORIUM 1871 West Mall, UBC *228-2746*

CINEMA 16 SUB Theatre

CLASSICAL JOINT 231 Carrall Street, Gastown *689-0667*

CLUB SODA 1055 Homer Street *681-8202*

COMMODORE BALLROOM 870 Granville Mall *681-7838*

86 STREET MUSIC HALL in the god forsaken Socred Centre, Expo Site *683-6687*

FAIRVIEW PUB 898 West Broadway *872-1262*

FREDDY WOOD THEATRE 6454 Crescent Road, U.B.C. *228-2678*

GALLERY LOUNGE Main Floor, Student Union Building, 6138 SUB Boulevard, UBC

GLASS SLIPPER 185 East 11th Avenue

GRACELAND back alley 1250 Richards Street *688-2648*

GRUNT GALLERY 209 East 6th *875-9516*

HERITAGE HALL 3102 Main Street *879-4816*

ITALIAN CULTURAL CENTRE 3075 Slocan Street (12th and Nanaimo)

KITSILANO COMMUNITY CENTRE 2690 Larch Street

LA QUENA COFFEE HOUSE 1111 Commercial Drive *251-6826*

MARITIME LABOUR CENTRE 111 Victoria Drive

NORTH VANCOUVER CENTENNIAL THEATRE I have no idea where this is; *perhaps you know*

PACIFIC CINEMATHEQUE 1131 Howe Street *688-3456*

PIT PUB Basement of the Student Union Building, 6138 SUB Boulevard, UBC

RAILWAY CLUB 579 Dunsmuir Street at Seymour *681-1625*

RECITAL HALL UBC School of Music, 6361 Memorial Road, UBC *228-3113*

RIDGE THEATRE 3131 Arbutus Street at 16th *738-6311*

RJ CHRISTIE'S 315 East Broadway *876-6777*

SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY AT HARBOUR CENTRE 515 West Hastings *291-3111*

STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE 930 Station Street *688-3312*

SUB THEATRE Main Floor of SUB *228-3697*

TOWN PUMP 66 Water Street, Gastown *683-6695*

VANCOUVER EAST CINEMA 2290 Commercial at 7th *253-5455*

VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE 1895 Venables Street *254-9578*

W.I.S.E. CLUB HALL 1882 Adanac *736-3022*

THE YALE 1300 Granville at Drake *681-4252*

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